MY BILL TO SAVE THE CHILDREN, BY T. A. BRAMSDON, M.P. (See Inside.)

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

£1,000 Free Insurance.

CHIEF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MY BILL TO SAVE THE CHILDREN By T. A. Bramsdon, M.P.	683
EDALJI'S OWN STORY By George Edalji.	682
WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT PROBLEMS	683
WHEN KINGS GET CROSS	685
THE MAN WHO LOVES AND RIDES AWAY	685
THIS WEEK'S HERO: GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA	687
BENT PINS THAT INCREASE DIVIDENDS	687
THE STORY OF A STREET By George R. Sims.	688
THE FATAL AGE A Brilliant Serial by Arthur Applin.	689-90
MY OWN SIMPLE LIFE By La Tortajada.	691
£500 A WEEK FOR LIFE COMPETITION	692

No. 873.] Postage, One Penny. WEEK ENDING APRIL 11, 1907. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

FOR INDIGESTION

TRY

HOLBROOK'S

SAUCE

Every motorist should write for a copy of our booklet—
"DUNLOP
"OR TYRES FOR 1907."
should write for a 1907 copy of—"ALL ABOUT
DUNLOP
CYCLE TYRES." Gratis and post free.
DUNLOP TYRE CO. Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; and 14 Regent Street, London, S.W.

"No Better Food."
Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."
—SIR CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

WE ALL LIKE
BIRD'S
CUSTARD
WITH RHUBARB
WHOLESOME, HEALTHFUL, RICH AND CREAMY.

Never accept a Substitute for OATINE,

for Oatine alone can produce that condition of the skin which is real beauty and which you cannot get by using soap and water. For soap and water only wash away the dirt that's on the skin, but leave the dirt that settles in the pores.

OATINE — the perfect face cream—takes it away, and leaves the skin fresh, clear, and delicate.

OATINE does not grow hair. It is free from animal fat and chemicals. We make it from the skin-healing, cleansing part of the purest Oats.

OATINE cures all roughness, sores, and chaps, the changeful winter weather brings. It is not only for ladies, but for the man who is careful after shaving.

Test Oatine to-day! A jar will cost you only 1/3, or a larger size, containing four times as much, 2/6.

For Sale by all Chemists and Stores, including all Boots' Branches.

Oatine FACE CREAM

OUR OFFER.

Send us to-day either 3d. in stamps or the lid of a 2/6 Jar of Oatine and we will send you, free of cost, samples of all the Oatine Preparations, including Oatine Balm—a soothing lotion that will purify the skin; Oatine Face Powder—non-poisonous, non-irritant; Oatine Talcum Powder; Oatine Tooth Paste, Oatine Soap; and "Kylets," a real dyspepsia cure. With these preparations we will send you a copy of our book, "Beauty Hints."

ADDRESS: The OATINE CO., 139 DENMAN ST., LONDON, S.E.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will make you Look Well, Feel Well and Keep Well.

These family favourites are composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, and are warranted free from Mercury or other poisonous substance. They cleanse the stomach and bowels: invigorate the whole nervous system and give tone and energy to the muscles. BEECHAM'S PILLS have stood the test of over fifty years without the publication of testimonials. Parents recommend them to their children: friends recommend them to one another, and BEECHAM'S PILLS RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.

6,000,000 BOXES SOLD ANNUALLY.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancs., and sold everywhere in boxes price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

SWIFT THE WORLD'S BEST **CYCLES**

Absolutely the finest cycle value ever offered—we are practically halving cost by doubling output.

£6 10 0 TO £16 16 0

No need to be without a Cycle, no need to have anything short of THE VERY BEST. PAY AS YOU RIDE.

The £225 MOTOR CAR PRIZE should interest you. An easy, simple competition open to every reader of this advertisement. Write for lists, and details of Competition. Dept. W4,

SWIFT CYCLE CO. LTD., COVENTRY.

To Smokers

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR: IT IS TWICE AS GOOD.

Cigarette AG Paper

BEST & PUREST.

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Extract from "Daily Express." 12/9/07.

SUBSTITUTION.

This is a most objectionable aspect of modern business life. Either because he wishes to sell something on which he can make a profit, or has not the particular brand of goods you want in stock, the shopkeeper or chemist frequently tries to induce you to purchase an imitation. We urge you always to refuse, and thus help to stop what is nothing less than fraudulent trading.

YOU [illegible] **SHARE**

H. SAMUEL, of "Acme" Watch fame, is anxious that you should share the good things he is offering, and will gladly send you his

FINE BIG ALBUM OF JEWEL BARGAINS

The values offered in this beautiful book have delighted thousands by their worth, and saved purchasers many a five-pound note in unnecessary retail profits. SOLID SILVER WATCHES, 6/6; GOLD BROOCHES, 2/6; GOLD RINGS, 5/6; SILVER-PLATED CRUETS, 4/6; and thousands of similar [illegible] offers.

FACTORY PRICES DIRECT, with the right of Monthly [illegible] and free gift of a HANDSOME BONUS PRIZE. Everything is [illegible] explained in the Book. WRITE TO-DAY.

THE "ACME" SILVER LEVER value for better 25/- [illegible] Seven Years' Warranty. FREE GIFT OF SILVER ALBERT.

H. SAMUEL, 87 MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

DAILY EXPRESS ONE HALFPENNY.

HAVE YOU A COLD?

DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING-BOTTLE

Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price One Shilling, or Post free 14 Stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading. N.B.—Refuse Worthless Imitations.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS *Please Mention* "Pearson's Weekly."

THE SETTLER'S IDEAL HOME.

NEW ZEALAND.

Arrangements have been made with the Shaw, Savill & Albion Co., the New Zealand Shipping Co., and the Federal Steam Navigation Co., for

Reduced Fares

for 2nd and 3rd Class Passages. At the present time reduced rate passages are limited to Farmers, Agricultural Labourers, Shepherds, Wood Cutters and men able to milk cows and manage live stock who, if approved, [illegible]. Domestic (Women) Servants [illegible] at the reduced rates subject to their taking with them not less than £2. For application forms and further information apply to the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 13 Victoria Street, London, or the Agents in the United Kingdom of the above Shipping Companies.

The Pine Forest at Home!

SANITAS OIL"

Prevents and Cures Bronchitis, Influenza, Diphtheria AND ALL Lung and Throat Affections.

DIRECTION: INHALE and FUMIGATE with "SANITAS OIL."

Special Pamphlet Free.

The "SANITAS" CO. Ltd., Limehouse, London, E.

SOLD EVERYWHERE at 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/-.

Owbridge's LUNG TONIC, THE WORLD'S CURE

For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, HOARSENESS, &c.

5s. [illegible] SENT ON APPROVAL FREE on [illegible] Norwich. Sending no deposit. Special offer. A high grade Cycle for cash [illegible] Triumphs, Swifts, Humbers, Premiers, Centaurs, Triumphs, Rudge-Whitworth's, Humbers, etc., [illegible] to [illegible] and from [illegible] monthly. Write for terms.

DEREHAM ROAD CYCLE Co., Norwich.

MONTHLY 5/-

YOU can buy from me on Easy Terms Triumphs, Centaurs, Coventry Challenge, Premiers, Progress, Humbers, Rovers, Swifts at pounds below Makers' and Agents' cash prices. Rudge Whitworths from [illegible]. No Bondsmen or references. A High Grade Coventry-made Cycle £3 19s. cash, or 5s. monthly. Write for free Lists TO-DAY. Machines on approval.

12 YEARS' GUARANTEE

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd. The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, Dept. P4 COVENTRY.

O'Brien

BOON TO MEN.

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed free.

J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

SINGER

The man or woman looking for the best cycle investment should drop a line for lists, etc., to

Dept. P.W., Singer & Co. Ltd., Coventry.

Wait terms to the income. The Singer Perfect Oil Bath makes cycling a luxury. Nothing better. Nothing cheaper.

CYCLES

HEADACHE CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One dose only of Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post. Write to

C. K. Kaputine, Ltd., [illegible] St., Huddersfield.

Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 12 doses, 1/-. Samples 1d.

BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL.

Real Devonshire Cream (clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil, invaluable for children and invalids. ½lb., 1/4; 1lb., 2/4; 2lb., 4/4 free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, [illegible], Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, &c., by Mrs. Conyers, Bridestow, S.O. Devonshire.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

Children's 1/3 per doz. Ladies' 2/3 per doz. Gents' 3/3 per doz. Hem-stitched: Ladies' 2/9 per doz. Gents' 3/11 per doz.

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Gentlemen's four-fold from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies 3/11, Gentlemen's from 5/11 per doz.

Matchless Shirts, with 4-fold Fronts and Cuffs and Bodies of fine Longcloth, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—Court Journal.

N.B.—All Letter Orders & inquiries for Samples should be sent to 38m Donegall Place, Belfast.

PAT-A-CAKE

for a nibble at Lunch-Time, or with your cup of tea in the afternoon, there's nothing better than a Pat-a-Cake Biscuit.

It's PEEK FREAN'S—A Guarantee of Purity.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Payment must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the [illegible] "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by [illegible] morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. A. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilocchia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

AUSTRALIA.—£6 contributed towards £12 passage. Weekly steamers; work guaranteed.—Hetheringtons, 163A Strand, W.C.

A GOOD AGENCY.—Respectable Men in regular employment, desirous of increasing their income, are invited to apply for terms and particulars of a Spare Time Agency, by which they can supply Clothing, Drapery, Boots and Shoes, Watches, Jewellery, Household Requisites, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, etc., for cash or credit; favourable terms to agent and customer.—John Myers & Co. Ltd., Box 22, 161 Westminster Bridge Road, London. Established nearly a century.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Immense variety. List free. Agents wanted.—Stevenson & Co., 68a, German's Road, Forest Hill, London.

BUY CROCKERY DIRECT.—Every china and crockery requisite at factory prices. Tea, dinner, and toilet sets from 2/9. Wedding presents and home furnishing outfits, 10/6 to £5. Famous guinea package, 4 splendid sets—breakfast, dinner, tea, toilet, packed complete, 21/-. Catalogue Free.—Century Pottery Co. (Dept. R). Burslem, Staffs.

REAL IRISH TWEEDS.—Beautiful spring and summer designs. Our Special Suit to measure, 25/-, guaranteed perfect fitting; not slop or factory made. Samples and self-measurement forms free.—Arnold Brothers, Irish Artistic Tailors, Royal Avenue, Belfast.

HAWKER'S CROCKERY, 1,000 articles, 38/6.—Arthur J. Hull, Longton, Potteries.

YOUR FUTURE KNOWN FOR 1/2!—Test reading of the stars. "C. A. Pearson, Esq., W. T. Stead, Esq., and others testify accuracy." Send date, year of birth (time if possible).—Wilde (Dept. A.B.), 7 Southampton Row, London.

100 VISITING CARDS (name, address), 1s.; agents wanted.—Jackson, Printer, Stony-Stratford, Bucks.

BICYCLES £3 5s. 0d. CASH, or 10/- with order and 10/- per month. High Grade, Honest and Splendidly Finished (Gold and Green Lined). Two Brakes (Inverted or Roller Levers), Ball Free Wheel, First Grade Tyres, Plated Rims. Complete with Pump, Spanners, Oil-can, Repair Outfit, fine plated Lamp and Bell. Packed in crate (free), carriage paid. Ten days' approval. Four years' guarantee. Write for photo. Full specifications and 48-page book of testimonials to the Actual Manufacturer, George Beeston, "Lion" Works, 82, Moseley Street, Birmingham. No agents. Direct from factory only.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Replingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

60 PAGE GUIDE PERMANENT TRADE, free 1d. postage. [illegible] Goods by weight. Start now.—P. W. Mitchell, Well Street, Bradford.

YOU can earn 1/- an hour—Full particulars of employment, apply T., 89 Aldersgate Street, London.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Mdme. Zetella, [illegible], Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

LADIES.—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS are, without doubt, the best remedy ever offered for female irregularities and obstructions. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. They are easy, safe, sure, and speedy. Price, 1/3 and 2/9; extra strong 4/6. Sample 3 stamps.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

GENERAL SERVANT WANTED, age about 21. Plain cooking; comfortable home; small family; wages £20—21.—Lochinvar, Sydney Road, Muswell Hill, London, N.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pens, 2d., post free.—N. Hinks, Wells & Co., Birmingham.

1907 TYRES. Covers (guaranteed) 5s. each. Air Tubes, 3s. Lists.—Speed Tyre Co., Wolverhampton.

STAMMERING EFFECTUALLY CURED by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30 Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

"ZENUKA" Cold Water Paste. Wonderful "sticker," instantly made. Costs [illegible]. Particulars, etc., free.—Mead, 2 Magd[illegible] Street, Drogheda.

LADIES' High-class, Second-hand CLOTHING. Catalogue sent.—Madame Dupont, [illegible] Newington Road, London, N.

GUIDE TO WINDOW DRAPERIES—400 illustrations free. Lace Curtains [illegible] Casement Cloths, Cretonnes, Tapestries, [illegible] Hosiery, etc. Direct Loom Prices. [illegible] Saml. Peach & Sons, Dept. 142, The Looms, Nottingham. (Estd. 1857.)

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value [illegible] They afford relief in every instance—[illegible] few hours. *Coated with Gold*, prepared [illegible] worth their weight in gold, they are [illegible] Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal [illegible] similar preparations. Price post free [illegible] wrapper, 1/3; (treble quantity), 2/9. [illegible] the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 Stockwell [illegible]

MENDINE MENDS EVERYTHING—China, Glass, Wood, Leather, Rubber [illegible] everywhere in tubes, 2d., 4d., and 6d.—M[illegible] Tooley Street, London, S.E.

EXCELSIOR CYCLES, graceful [illegible] best finish, sold direct from factory. [illegible] G.P.O. use. Catalogue free, with free [illegible]—Bayliss, Thomas & Co. (12, [illegible]) Gray's Inn Road, London.

PIANOFORTE.—Marvellous offer. 50-guinea upright iron grand, slightly [illegible] sacrificed for £15 15s., cash payable in three years; check action, iron frame, [illegible] exquisite inlaid case; warranted 20 [illegible] free trial; carriage paid both ways if [illegible]—Goodge, 231 Burdett Road, Bow, London.

WARTS, sure cure, 1/-; post free [illegible] 174 Rose Street, Edinburgh.

YOUR FUTURE, 3d.—Fred [illegible] loger, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A GOOD MEMORY ensures [illegible] business. The Pelman system [illegible] memory. Easily learnt in five lessons [illegible] postal, or class tuition. Full prospectus [illegible] Address Mr. C. L. Pelman, 73 W[illegible] Bloomsbury Street, W.C.

HAIR DESTROYED.—A lady [illegible] life-long sufferer from superfluous hair [illegible] learned of a means which permanently [illegible] roots, and will send particulars free [illegible] stamp to pay postage, to any afflicted [illegible] L. W. Temple, 8 Blenheim St., Oxf[illegible]

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 873. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 11, 1907. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

MY BILL TO SAVE THE CHILDREN.

By T. A. BRAMSDON, M.P.

[Mr. Thomas Arthur Bramsdon was first elected to represent Portsmouth in the Liberal interest in May, 1900, at a by-election, but lost the seat at the general election in October following. He was, however, again elected in January, 1906. A solicitor by profession, Mr. Bramsdon has also been Coroner for Portsmouth since 1884, was Chairman of the local School Board 1892-98, and has long taken an active part in all matters affecting the welfare of children. He is now, and has been for seventeen years, the chairman of the Portsmouth branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.]

THAT our infantile death-rate is exceedingly high is a lamentable fact upon which it is unnecessary to dilate.

Much of this dreadful loss of young lives is due to causes that are preventible, though in some cases difficult to detect.

Thousands of children die annually from such causes as improper feeding and insanitary surroundings.

But there are two sources of infant mortality which ought to be speedily checked, and these are deaths from overlaying whilst in bed with their parents or other adults, and burning or scalding at open or unprotected fire-grates.

Here are a few figures: In 1903, the deaths of children from overlaying were 1,619; in 1904, 1,660; in 1905, 1,527; whilst during the previous fourteen years the numbers ranged from 1,296 to 1,741, the latter number being recorded in 1900.

SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS NEGLECTED.

In 1899 and 1900 two hundred coroners recorded deaths from burning of 1,634 children, and in 1,425 of these cases there was no fireguard. In 1904 there were 2,209 deaths from burns and scalds, of which 1,122 occurred at unprotected grates or stoves, the latter figures including 412 cases of ignition of flannelette. In 1905, 1,400 deaths occurred by reason of unprotected grates or stoves.

Now, surely these are terrible statistics. There is not only the waste of potentially valuable lives to the State—but remember these are not deaths from disease, but of healthy children who would probably perpetuate the race. Where deaths occur from burns or scalds the children suffer the most horrible and agonising torture, and to what are they sacrificed? Not to the exigencies of life in a densely populated country, nor to the effects of poverty, but principally to the want of a little forethought and care on the part of their parents.

And yet, although the negligent parent is mainly responsible for this avoidable waste of life and awful suffering, the law, as things are at present, is practically powerless to touch him or her, and there are no means of bringing these neglectful fathers and mothers to a proper sense of their duties and responsibilities.

SUSPICIONS THAT CAN'T BE PROVED.

True, deaths from overlaying and burning are investigated by coroners, but in the absence of any strong evidence of wilful neglect amounting to murder or manslaughter, which is always difficult to obtain, the jury have practically no option but to bring in a verdict of "accidental death," however strongly they may suspect that the child was deliberately overlain or suffocated by gross negligence through the drunken habits of the parents, or wantonly exposed to the risk of catching fire.

The verdict of "accidental death" in effect clears the parents of any stigma, and practically prevents further proceedings being taken against them by the police or the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

It is to remedy this state of affairs and to bring the negligent parent within the grasp of the law that I am introducing my Bill, which is supported by Mr. Cane, K.C., Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Sir Henry Craik, Mr. Godfrey Baring, Mr. Courthope, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Maclean, and Mr. Luke White.

The Bill provides:

(1) If and whenever it shall be proved that the death of a child under three years of age has been caused by suffocation while the child was in bed with its parent or parents, or with some other person over the age of sixteen years who had the custody, charge, or care of such child, and it shall not be proved that the suffocation was the result of natural causes or of the presence of a foreign body in the throat or air passages of the child, then, and in every such case, such parent or other person shall (unless the contrary appears) be deemed to have neglected such child in a manner likely to cause unnecessary suffering or injury to its health within the meaning of section one of the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act, 1904.

(2) If and whenever it shall be proved that the death of a child under ten years of age has been caused—(*a*) by burns sustained by reason of the clothing of the child taking fire at an open firegrate, or (*b*) by scalds caused by reason of the child having access to any vessel of hot liquid on the bars or hobs of an open firegrate, and it shall not be proved that such firegrate was protected by an efficient fireguard then—follows as in 1.

Now, I think this is pretty explicit; but, at the same time, it may be as well further to elucidate one or two points.

In the first place, as I have spoken of bringing the negligent parent within the grasp of the law, I should like to say emphatically that the object of my Bill is *not punishment, but prevention*.

For this reason I have not sought to create a new offence under the criminal code or to make the death of a child from suffocation or burning necessarily a case for the police.

THE POWER TO PROSECUTE.

All I seek to do by my Bill is in effect to give the N.S.P.C.C. power to prosecute if they think fit in such cases. At present they have not got it.

My Bill will give them this power, and none who know the society will imagine for a moment that they will misuse it.

But the mere fact of the society having the power to prosecute will, I am sure, act as a most powerful deterrent to negligence of this kind, as it has already done to other forms of cruelty to children. Indeed, I believe that more than half the cases will immediately disappear.

In future, if the Bill passes, the parents of a child dying from suffocation in bed or burns or scalds will have to show that they were not to blame, instead of, as at present, the investigating authorities having to fix the blame on them, frequently an almost impossible task.

To show that the clauses of my Bill are not unreasonable, I may mention that in Germany it is a penal offence for parents to even allow a child to sleep in bed with them, let alone for death to be the result of suffocation.

A HOME-MADE COT FOR BABY.

All I say to the parent is: Have your children in bed with you if you like, neglect to provide fireguards if you like; it is your house, not mine; but if death results from your ideas of taking care of your children, then you shall be required to show that it was not the result of your negligence; that seems to me a reasonable line to take as between the State and the parent.

I have heard some objections to the Bill, and I will briefly answer them. It is said that children are often taken into bed by their parents for warmth and because there are neither proper cots nor sufficient bedding for them, and, therefore, it would be unfair to punish parents for adopting their only means of keeping a child warm and covered. No doubt this is so, but I must repeat that the Bill does not aim at punishment. In such a case the N.S.P.C.C. would use their discretion, and if satisfied that there was no negligence decline to prosecute, and if they did no magistrate would convict.

A basket, an empty box, or drawer will serve as a cot for a baby, and surely even the most poverty-stricken of parents can find or devise sufficient covering to keep a child warm enough without taking it into bed, and even if no such cot could be improvised the child could be laid upon the floor.

PUNISHED BY HER OWN REMORSE.

No, I should say that whilst parents may take children into their beds with the idea of keeping them warm, there is very seldom any absolute necessity for them to do so. In the majority of cases the mother takes the child into bed to feed it or get it to sleep, or is perhaps under the influence of drink at the time, and then either falls off to sleep herself or is too lazy to get up and put it in its cot.

Even if there were not the great danger there is in it, I may point out that all doctors agree that the practice of children sleeping with their parents is unhealthy for them.

Then, in regard to burning, it is said that parents may not be able to afford efficient fireguards. But surely the expense is so trifling as to be practically of no account, and a protection could easily be improvised—"Where there is a will there is a way." Even imagining the cost as an obstacle, would not charity often willingly come to the rescue? I must say, I cannot see any valid objection to the Bill, while I do see many cogent reasons why it should pass.

The decent, affectionate parent whose child dies as the result of her unintentionally dropping off to sleep with it in her arms, or as the result of carelessness in regard to fires or boiling liquids, is no doubt sufficiently punished by her own remorse, and I do not seek in any way to add to her sufferings. At the same time, there would, I am certain, be a great diminution in such cases of more or less innocent negligence if all parents had before them the dread of possibly being publicly branded as neglectful of their children.

And then the other class—the drunken, the indifferent, who at present skulk behind the "accidental death" verdict—they would find that the N.S.P.C.C. had a new and powerful weapon in their hands which they would not hesitate to use where the poor, suffocated face or charred limbs of a little child cried aloud for vengeance.

Therefore, first and foremost, as a deterrent and warning to careless parents, and, secondly, as a means of bringing to book virtual murderers, I think my little Bill should pass into law.

T. A. Bramsdon

All rights reserved.]

MISTRESS: "What does it mean cook? More gas has been burned in the kitchen than ever before."

Cook: "I don't know, ma'am; I try to be economical. I never turn it out, so as to save the matches."

"WHY does a woman always add a postscript to her letter?"

"Well," answered the ungallant wretch, "she probably figures out in her own mind what her letter has made you think, and then tries to have the last word."

EDITOR: "You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously."

Would-be Contributor: "Yes, I don't want any name to it."

"Then I can't publish it."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want any unjust suspicion to fall upon some innocent person."

REARING A RACE OF GIANTS.

MR. CLIVE DARRILL, the 8ft. 8in. Australian giant, whose persistent wooing of the Tyrolean giantess now appearing at the Hippodrome has created so much public amusement and interest, is, so he says, desirous of wedding a lady of about his own size and build, so as to rear a race of giants for posterity to wonder at and admire.

But is this possible? Scientists say that it is not, and experience goes to show that they are right. The offspring of such unions are usually of ordinary stature; nor are they stronger or more robust than average men and women. Quite the reverse, in fact; for giants and giantesses are for the most part poor, weak creatures physically, and they naturally pass on their lack of stamina as a baneful heritage to their children.

Of course, there are exceptions. Chang, the Chinese giant and "strong man," was undoubtedly one, although he, like the rest, died at a comparatively early age. On the other hand, the huge Russian, Machnow, exhibited in London quite recently, and who is perhaps the biggest giant (9ft. 8in.) that ever lived, is said to be so weak on his legs that he cannot walk more than a few yards without assistance.

Then there was the case of Winkelmaier, the Austrian giant, 8ft. 9in. high, who appeared to be in perfect health when exhibiting himself in London in the early part of 1887, and who yet died in the summer of the same year at the age of twenty-two.

But perhaps the most conclusive case in point is that of Captain Martin Bates and Miss Ann Swann, giant and giantess, who were married at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, in June, 1871. They had several children, all of whom were rather below the average height, besides being physically weak and mentally dull.

Are you reading "My Revelations as a Police Spy," by XH 511, now running in SMITH'S WEEKLY? It is a most thrilling true narrative.

EDALJI'S OWN STORY.

The Narrative of Eighteen Years' Persecution.

Written by GEORGE EDALJI Exclusively for this Paper.

Early in 1903 cattle-maiming outrages of a revolting character were perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Great Wyrley, Staffordshire. On August 17th of that year a pony belonging to a colliery was mutilated, and for this deed the police arrested George Edalji, the son of the Vicar of Great Wyrley. He was tried on most unsatisfactory evidence, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. After undergoing three years' imprisonment he has been suddenly released on ticket-of-leave. Now, for the first time, he writes the whole history of his persecution, and advances proofs of his innocence.

This remarkable story commenced in No. 864. Back numbers containing the former instalments can be obtained from your newsagent for 9d. or from these offices for 1s. 1d., post free.

ALLEGED HORSEHAIRS.

I HAVE before me a large amount of matter dealing with this important question of the hair. To reproduce it all would be impossible, but I think Sir A. Conan Doyle's remarks on the subject should be carefully studied by every reader. They will be found on pages 10 and 11 of his pamphlet on my case (published at one penny by Messrs. Blake and Co., 62, High Street, Putney, and which those who have not read it ought to get). He says:

> Now, here is a clear conflict of evidence between two groups of interested people—the constables on the one hand, eager to build up their case, the household on the other, eager to confute this terrible accusation. Let us suppose the two statements balance each other. But is it not evident that there was only one course open for the police now to establish their point, and that if they did not avail themselves of it they put themselves out of court? Their obvious course was then and there to send for a referee—the police doctor or any other doctor—and, picking samples of the hair from the coat, to have sealed them in an envelope, calling the newcomer to witness when and where they had been obtained. Such a proceeding must silence all doubt. But they did nothing of the kind.
>
> What they actually did was to carry off the coat, upon which three reputable witnesses have sworn there were no hairs. The coat then disappears from view for twelve hours. In the meantime the pony has been put out of its pain, and a portion of its hide was cut off with the hairs attached, and also secured by the police. The coat has been taken at eight in the morning. It was seen by Dr. Butter, the police surgeon, at nine in the evening. At that hour Dr. Butter picked twenty-nine undoubted obvious horsehairs from its surface.
>
> The prosecution have here to break their way through two strong lines of defence, each within the other. On the one hand, if Edalji had done the crime the evening before, it was his blue serge coat and not his house coat that he wore, as is shown by the independent evidence of Mr. Hands. In the second line of defence is the oath of the family that there were no hairs in the morning, which is strengthened by the failure of the police to demonstrate there and then a fact which could have been so easily and completely demonstrated.
>
> But now we are faced by the undoubted fact that the hairs were there, upon the cuffs and the left breast, by evening. Why was the coat not taken straight to the surgeon? Why was a piece of the animal's hide sent for before the coat was shown to Dr. Butter? One need not fly to extreme conclusions. It is to be remembered that the mere carrying of hide and coat together may have caused the transference of hairs, or that the officers may themselves have gathered hairs on their clothes while examining the pony, and so unconsciously transferred them to the coat. But the fact that the hairs were found just on the cuffs and breast will still recur in the mind. It would be sad, indeed, to commit one injustice while trying to correct another, but when the inevitable inquiry comes this incident must form a salient point of it.
>
> There is one test which occurs to one's mind. Did the hairs all correspond with the type, colour, and texture of the hairs on the sample of hide? If they did, then they were beyond all question conveyed from that sample to the coat. The cut was down the belly, and the portion taken off was from the side of the cut. The under hair of a horse differs greatly from the longer, darker, harsher hair of the sides. A miscreant leaning against a horse would get the side hairs. If all the hairs on the coat were short belly hairs, then there is a suggestive fact for the inquiry. Dr. Butter must have compared their appearance.
>
> Since writing the above I have been able to get the words of Dr. Butter's evidence. They are quoted: "Numerous hairs on the jacket, which were similar in colour, length, and structure to those on the piece of skin cut from the horse." In that case I say confidently—and all reflection must confirm it—that these hairs could not possibly be from the general body of the pony, but must have been transferred, no doubt unconsciously, from that particular piece of skin. With all desire to be charitable, the incident leaves a most unpleasant impression upon the mind.

These scathing remarks led to a deal of correspondence in the DAILY TELEGRAPH. On January 15th Mr. A. H. Henderson-Livesey, of 5, The Avenue, Bedford Park, W., wrote:

> If the police went to the vicarage with the express object of making evidence to incriminate Edalji, why should they show the coat to the vicar at all? Why should they not have taken the coat without comment and put the hair on at the station? . . . The fact that the police showed the vicar the coat is a distinct point in their favour.

Now, although Sir A. Conan Doyle did remark in his first article that "it was not on account of evidence, but in search of evidence," that the police visited my home, neither he nor I have asserted that the police actually went to the vicarage with the express object of fabricating evidence. On the contrary, I fully believe that the rascal who wrote the letters and circulated the false report of my arrest had so imposed upon the police that they did honestly think they would find something of an incriminating nature if they looked for it. Granting, then, that they expected to find these things, it is perhaps not altogether surprising that in their misdirected zeal and impetuosity they made the many mistakes they did, including probably one about the hair.

If the police will plainly state from whom they got the information which made them start watching me *before* any incriminating letter had been received and before any report had been spread of my arrest, it will not only, I feel confident, lead to the discovery of the letter-writer, but also serve to minimise any unpleasant suspicions to which Mr. Henderson-Livesey alludes, and which suspicions may be wholly dispelled by the police showing that, owing to their carelessness, the clothing may have somehow come in contact with the piece of skin. I have no doubt this is the real explanation, and that the police were mistaken when they so positively swore at my trial that it could not be so.

My father's reply (DAILY TELEGRAPH, January 17th) to Mr. Henderson-Livesey's letter was:

> It would seem . . . he thinks the police first offered voluntarily to show me the coat in question, and that therefore it was a point in their favour. . . . I found that they had already packed up the coat with a vest and were about to take it away, but I insisted upon it being seen by me before they took it away, and they then opened the parcel and allowed me to examine it. . . . The garment was in possession of the police for twelve hours after it was taken from my house, and it was during those hours that my son asked them to show it to him, and they could have done so if they had any wish to be fair and straightforward.

My own reply to Mr. Henderson-Livesey was as follows:

> Your correspondent says, "Why should they not have taken the coat without comment, and put the hair on at the station?" My answer is that when they took the coat they did honestly think that two or three brownish threads which were on it were horsehairs.

But there is a further part of Mr. Henderson-Livesey's letter, which is also deserving of notice. He says:

> How can it be confidently suggested that . . . the hairs which adhered to the perpetrator's coat would necessarily be brittly hairs? (Mr. Livesey afterwards wrote that "brittly" was a misprint for "belly.") The author asks why the police cut off the animal's hide.

The above extracts plainly show how careless some people are in jumping at conclusions. If the reader refers back to Sir A. Conan Doyle's remarks, he will find that far from suggesting that the hairs would necessarily all be "belly" hairs, Sir Arthur was of the exactly contrary opinion, and his contention was that a man coming in close contact with a pony on a dark night would carry away with him an assorted lot of hairs (if any), and not a lot which exactly corresponded with the short hairs on one particular bit of skin. Consequently, the hairs found on my coat, as they all precisely corresponded with the hairs on that piece of skin, must have by some curious accident been transferred to the garment from the skin. Mr. Livesey, therefore, is really quite in agreement with Sir Arthur when he says that the hairs would not necessarily be from the abdomen.

It will also be noticed that Sir Arthur did not ask (as Mr. Livesey alleges) why the police cut off a piece of the animal's hide. The mere cutting off this piece of skin was a perfectly reasonable thing for them to do. The very pertinent questions which Sir Arthur put were: (1) Why was the coat not taken straight to the surgeon; and (2) Why did they not let Dr. Butter see it before they got the bit of skin?

FOOTMARKS.

Next I come to discuss what Sir A. Conan Doyle calls "the farce of the footprints."

In dealing with this important matter we must consider how and when did the police discover the existence of any footmarks, and what made them think they were like mine. Did they find them at the scene of the tragedy and trace them in true Sherlock Holmes fashion to my very door? Was it these footmarks which led them to suspect me? Nothing of the kind. The police searched for footmarks from 6.20 to after seven; but it is evident they found none of any importance, for this reason: Before leaving my home with the clothing they saw the boots I wore the night before. They left them, and went away. Five minutes later a constable returned for one of the boots. It is clear, therefore, neither any footmarks they had seen between 6.30 and 7, nor the appearance of the boots, were such as to arouse their suspicions then, and that the returning for the boots was a mere afterthought.

Is it likely they would have lost sight of the boots for one moment, if their condition had been in any way suspicious? Is it probable that if they had noticed any suspicious footprints before seven, they would not have left someone there to see to their preservation while they got the boot to compare? But they did nothing of the kind.

At 9.30 a constable (alone) began to look for footmarks to compare with mine. He says:

> I put the boot by the side of the print flat on the ground, pressed it down with both my hands, and then I eased the hand near the heel and pressed down with the hand nearest the toe.

I ask the reader to note his mode of comparison particularly, because this was the way in which the mud got on my boots, which was so strongly urged by the prosecution as damning evidence against me.

MEASURED WITH BITS OF STICK AND STRAW.

Now, the pony was found mutilated at 5.40 a.m., so it was nearly four hours later when the constable commenced his comparison, and though during that interval it was admitted that lots of people had been there and that there were many other footmarks, he appears to have found prints corresponding with mine without the slightest difficulty. He followed the trail over grass, clover, and stubble fields; so great was his zeal and so keen his perception, that, although the grass was long, this in no way put him off the scent. He pursued the track over a headland where only the day before the grain had been cut—where the reapers had been trampling. He traced the marks unerringly over the bridge across a brook, over hedges and ditches, over gates and stiles; losing the scent in one place, he promptly picked it up in another, ultimately losing it altogether in a field-path, or lane leading to the main road, which was not so near to my house as to several others.

In the afternoon the constable pointed out this important discovery to his superior officers. It was alleged that the footmarks were still quite plain, and the inspector and sergeant began to make impressions on their own account. It seems not unlikely that they accidentally compared the impressions, which they then made with those made by the constable in the morning. It never occurred to these officers to photograph the footmarks; they never thought of making a cast of them, nor did they think of covering them up or preserving them in any way; it did not occur to them that they could not accurately measure them with bits of stick and straw, and they never thought of using a rule or tape. They did not consider it desirable to point out the similarity in the footmarks to any independent person, nor did they think it proper to inform me or my friends, so that someone on my behalf should examine them.

Asked why they did not get up a clod of earth in the field, they said it was too soft. Asked next why they did not dig up a clod from the path, they declared there it was too hard. Although on account of its fleeting character, this evidence about the footprints was the most important thing to mention as soon as possible, the police said not so much as a word about it at the preliminary hearing the day after my arrest, and although they had two other opportunities of mentioning it, they found it convenient not to do so for more than a fortnight. And yet they had not failed to speak of the alleged blood, saliva, horsehair, stained razors, damp clothing, different condition of trousers, and, indeed, all other things of the least importance, on the very day after my arrest.

The similarities alleged to exist between the footmarks were that they were of the same size and shape (when measured with the bits of stick and straw) as the prints made by my own boot, and that the left boot was very much "down at heel." There was no other similarity. On the night of the outrage I had been nowhere near where the footmarks were found. Until three days after my release from prison, when I went on purpose to see it, I had never been in the field where the crime was committed, nor in the fields where the footprints were traced, except the one with the path in, nearest to the main road. In this latter field I had not been for over a fortnight, and, then, not in the boots the police used to trace the footmarks, as they had not been worn for months, and it was only accidentally I came to wear them that night owing to my having to take the boots I usually wore in the country to be repaired.

A "down at heel" boot is common enough; and, further, the boots were bought ready made at a large shop in Walsall, so that scores of people in the district would be wearing the same size and shape. But, as my counsel remarked at the trial, it would have been an odd footmark indeed which would have convinced the police it was not the one they were after.

(Another instalment next week.)

SMITH'S WEEKLY, the official organ of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, contains weekly news for miniature riflemen.

Curious Phases of the Workmen's Compensation Act.

ACCORDING to a very eminent King's counsel, no Act of Parliament has been passed in recent years about which more conflicting opinions exist as to its true interpretation than the Workman's Compensation Act of 1897.

One of the clauses in the Act which gives rise to considerable litigation is that which states that a workman is entitled to compensation when an accident occurs "out of and in the course of his regular employment." Some interesting decisions on this point have been given.

For instance. A workman employed in unloading coal from a ship, who was required in the course of his duty to stand by an open hatch-way through which coal was being brought up from the hold, was seized with an epileptic fit while at work, fell down the hold, and was seriously injured—it was decided that the accident arose "out of, and in, the course of his employment"—and therefore he could recover damages for his injuries.

Another case was where a workman was employed in a factory to remove empty yarn beams from looms. In the ordinary course of his duty he had removed such a beam, and was in the act of lifting it to his shoulder, when, finding that it was unevenly balanced, he gave it an extra lift up to his shoulder. The sudden strain thus caused had the effect of lacerating the muscles of his back. He claimed compensation, and it was decided that this was an accident arising "in the course of his employment," and he was entitled to damages.

Again, while a workman was employed sorting wool in a factory a bacillus passed from the wool to the eye of the employee and infected him with anthrax, of which he died; it was held that this was a case of injury "by accident" within the meaning of the Act, and damages were awarded.

WINDOW CLEANER—FALL—NO COMPENSATION.

An engine-driver, while driving a train under a bridge, was injured through a stone wilfully dropped on the train by a boy from the bridge, and in this case it was decided that the engine-driver's injuries were caused by an "accident" arising out of his employment, and he received compensation.

On the other hand, there was a case under which a carter in the employment of contractors, who were doing work for a railway company, had to deliver certain goods to a station. This finished his day's work, and he was leaving the station with his horse and lorry, and on the way to the contractor's stables the horse took fright and bolted just outside the gate of the station, in consequence, whereof, the carter was injured. Here it was held that the accident did not arise "out of, and in, the course of his employment" in and about a railway, and no compensation was recovered.

Another case was where a window-cleaner, while engaged in the employment of a window-cleaning company in cleaning the workshop windows of a firm of tailors fell from one of the windows and was injured. He claimed compensation from the firm of tailors as being his indirect employers, but it was decided that the work of cleaning windows was not a "part or process in" the trade or business carried on at the factory, and therefore his claim was dismissed.

WHEN A SHIP WAS A FACTORY.

A curious case was that of a man who, with others, had to journey each day by a train which brought him to his work about twenty minutes before the time fixed for commencing work. Each of these men had to deposit a ticket at the entrance to the works.

The man in question who had come by the train one morning, while proceeding to deposit his ticket at the office about twenty minutes before the time fixed for commencing work sustained injuries through falling into an excavation on the works near the ticket office, and it was held that the accident—although admittedly happening before the man had commenced his work—arose "out of and in the course of his employment," and he was able to recover damages.

Some stevedores were loading a vessel in a dock by means of machinery. The cargo had been put into the hold, and the men employed by the stevedores were "finishing off" by slinging iron beams across the hatchway. The machinery having become entangled one of the workmen went to disentangle it, was caught, injured, and died. It was decided in this case that the stevedores were occupying a "factory" within the meaning of the Workmen's Compensation and Factory Acts, and that the man was injured and killed in the course of his employment in loading the wharf.

Although it will be observed, the men had finished the actual process of loading, yet it was decided that the loading was not complete until the hatchway was secured. Thus compensation was secured.

HOW OUR COLONIES GOT THEIR NAMES.

Canada Means a Collection of Huts.

How did Canada come to be called Canada? Just how many Britons could answer that simple little question on the spur of the moment? Very few, it is safe to say. Yet Canada is one of the most prized jewels in the British Crown.

The name of Canada comes from a Red Indian name, meaning a collection of huts. Rather a funny appellation for a country bigger than Uncle Sam's very own United States!

It is interesting and even fascinating to consider how some of our possessions came to get the names which they bear nowadays. Newfoundland was the first of all the British Colonies, and its name speaks for itself. It was not merely the first British colony, but the first bit of the "New World," as America was called in the days of its discovery, which Britons took possession of.

Australia signifies, literally, the land in the South. For ages before its discovery the ancients had a vague suspicion that there was a vast, mysterious, unknown land in the South Seas, and in the early years of the seventeenth century the existence of the big island was put beyond doubt by a Spaniard named Torres and a Dutchman named Dirk Hartog.

A portion of Australia was named after a Dutch discoverer, Van Diemen's Land, but this was afterwards changed to Tasmania in honour of another Dutch navigator, Van Tasman, who was thought to have more right to distinction. Victoria was, of course, named after the late Queen Victoria.

New Zealand also owed its discovery to Tasman. The Dutchman, however, did not take possession of it, but contented himself with naming it after the province of Zealand, in Holland. Captain Cook was the first white man to land on the island.

Neither had John Bull anything to do with the naming of Jamacia. Columbus, who discovered it, wished to call it San Jago, but the name never stuck. The name given to it by the brown-skinned Caribs, who were its original owners, was *Cha-maiks*, or Island of Springs, which has been twisted into its present shape.

Trinidad was so named because Columbus first sighted it on Trinity Sunday, 1496. Barbados was named by the Portuguese on account of the numerous bearded fig-trees which they found there. The island of St. Christopher was named by Christopher Columbus—after himself.

A peculiar interest attaches to the naming of the island of San Salvador, one of the Bahamas. The long voyage made by Columbus across the then trackless Atlantic seemed to his crew as if it was never going to end, and many of them were afraid that the ship would suddenly go over the edge of the world and carry them to destruction. At last they were so shaken that they forced their leader to promise that if land was not sighted by a given time he would turn back for Spain and abandon his quest for the New World.

After this the great navigator kept false reckonings to deceive his men and gain time. But day after day dragged by, and no land appeared on the limitless expanse of waters. At last, on October 11th, 1492, the crew swore that if land was not touched by the next day they would turn back and kill Columbus if he did not consent.

Through the dark night that followed the admiral watched with straining eyes. Suddenly at two o'clock on the morning of the 12th one of the crew, Rodrigo de Triana, sighted land. It was one of the Bahamas, and Columbus named it after the Saviour in gratitude.

A rich reward had been promised to the man who should first sight land in the New World; but poor Rodrigo de Triana, though he richly merited the reward, was shabbily cheated out of it. This piece of injustice so embittered him that on his return home he betook himself to Africa and became a Mohammedan out of sheer disgust and disappointment.

Natal is so named because it was discovered by the famous Portuguese sailor, Vasco de Gama, on Christmas Day, 1497, so that it should remind all men of the Nativity. St. Helena, the prison of Napoleon, was named for a similar reason. It was discovered—also by a Portuguese—on St. Helena's day, 1501.

Gibraltar was once *Gib-el-Tarik*—Rock of Tarik. When the Moors poured from Africa to invade Spain in 711, they passed the straits over the great fortress flung out into the sea by Nature herself, and called it after their fierce commander, Tarik.

Singapore means the City of Lions, and was the name bestowed on the now thriving "Liverpool of the Straits Settlements" by the Javanese, who were the first settlers.

The vast Empire of India has, strictly speaking, no name of its own. Hindoostan only means the Land of the Hindoos, who are but a portion of King Edward's Asiatic subjects, and it is not recognised by the Rajputs, the Mahrattas, the Bengalese, or the other races of the peninsula. India itself means "the river," and has gradually come to describe the entire land of the mighty Indus.

Odd Facts About the Human Face.

DID it ever occur to you to inquire why the eyeball of the eye is white? The reason is rather curious. The blood vessels which supply its surface are so fine that they do not admit the red corpuscles of the blood.

The eyeball is covered with a coat known as the "Tunica Sclerotica," which is amazingly tough and elastic and covers the entire ball with the exception of the part behind where the optic nerve enters, and of the cornea in front. The pupil of the eye is a deep hole filled by a transparent lens and fitted with a most exquisite arrangement of muscles which widen it when the light is dim and narrow it in a strong glare.

Do you know that you have a "blind spot" in each eye? That is, a small portion of the retina is incapable of exciting the sensation of vision when it receives the image of an object. This blind spot corresponds with the artery lying in the centre of the optic nerve. By a wonderful provision of Nature the blind spots do not correspond when the eyes are directed towards the same object, so they cause no inconvenience, and few beyond doctors and opticians are even aware of their existence.

Pratically all persons are right—or left—eyed, although they may not know it. One eye is nearly always a little stronger than the other, and consequently is used more. Of course, the difference in many cases is so great that it has to be artificially corrected. In many cases, too, the pupils of the two eyes vary quite considerably in size.

Short-sightedness, it has been proved, is more common among people with light-coloured eyes than those with dark. At the same time, among grey-eyed persons are found those with the most powerful sense of vision of any.

TWO BLINKS A MINUTE.

Muscular fatigue of the eye can be measured by the number of involuntary eyelid movements or blinks made per minute. Read by candle light or other insufficient illumination and you will find yourself blinking seven times a minute. In ordinary gaslight you blink about three times a minute, but if you work in softened day light or by powerful yet shaded electric light your eye tires so slightly that you do not blink more than once in thirty or thirty-five seconds.

The eye-lashes give most useful aid in shading the eyes. The average person has 100 to 150 hairs on the upper lid, and eighty to a 100 on the lower or, say, 450 to 500 lashes in all.

The eye-lashes are not permanent. They are constantly falling out and growing again, and are entirely renewed at least three times a year. Along their edges, the eyelids are provided with a little oily secretion just sufficient to keep the tears, which wash and keep clean the eyes, from overflowing.

Eyebrows which grow thick and dark are a very sure sign of a good constitution and physical endurance. If they are lighter than the hair, they indicate lack of vitality.

BIG NOSES MEAN POWERFUL MINDS.

The nose, so far as appearance goes, is the most important feature of the face, and few people are aware of how much its eventual shape depends on character and profession. At ten a boy's nose may be a "pug" pure and simple, at fifteen it may be almost Greek, and at twenty-five it may have developed a powerful bridge and become practically Roman. Almost every great general who ever lived, from Alexander the Great to Wellington and General Grant, had Roman noses.

It is to the delicate nerves of smell in the nose that we owe our appreciation of a well-cooked dinner and fine wine. The palate has comparatively little to do with it.

We have no special reason to be proud of our ears. The human ear is infinitely inferior to the moveable, funnel-shaped ear trumpet possessed by the horse, by cattle, or even by the rabbit or hare. Both men and apes have lost the power of moving their external ears, and there are many sounds, such as the squeak of a bat, which are absolutely beyond the compass of the human auditory apparatus. There is one peculiar point about the ears. Of all our features, they are those most likely to be exactly similar in size and shape.

We have already mentioned that the two eyes of one individual are very seldom alike. The same may be said of the face as a whole. Only 2 per cent. of the whole human race are possessed of absolutely symmetrical faces. In seventy-four persons out of a hundred the left side of the face is larger than the right; in twenty-four the right is the larger, in two the two sides are similar. Next time you visit the photographer, remember this fact. One side of your profile will look better than the other.

Serious articles, light articles, good short complete stories, a fascinating serial story, are all to be found in SMITH'S WEEKLY. One penny, every Tuesday.

THE NEWEST NAVAL HORROR.

By a most extraordinary coincidence, if it is a coincidence, an apparently authoritative announcement has been made in England and America simultaneously of a discovery that may go far towards revolutionising the naval warfare of the future.

This is a safety detonating fuse, by means of which an armour-piercing shell can be projected through the steel sides of a warship into her inmost vitals, and there caused to explode.

In other words, armoured vessels have been made as pervious to projectiles charged with high explosives as they were formerly to the old-fashioned solid shell, whose potential destructiveness was limited to the danger resulting from the impact of metal against metal.

Such an invention, if it turns out to be all that its originators claim for it, may easily result in the abolition of the armoured vessel once and for all, just as the bullet projected from the smooth bore firearm did away with the armoured man of mediæval times. Obviously, armour is useless unless it protects, and it is difficult to see what protection is afforded by steel plates which can be pierced like so much blotting paper by huge missiles that carry in their hollow interiors the equivalent of a ton or more of the old-fashioned black gunpowder.

It remains to be seen what class of craft will replace the *Dreadnoughts* and the *Indomitables* of this present day. Probably the change, when it does come, will be to the other extreme. Everything will be sacrificed to speed, and we shall most likely see evolved something akin to a torpedo-boat-destroyer type of vessel, motor-driven, and carrying no more than one, or at most two guns. Such a ship, if hit only once by an enemy's shell, would go to the bottom like a stone. But as a set off to this disadvantage would be their relative cheapness. A whole fleet of them could be built for the price of a single armoured battleship.

BUT SHE BROKE IT GENTLY.

White as the driven snow, and trembling like an agitated blancmange, Cecilia, the new housemaid, burst into the drawing-room.

"Brandy!" she moaned; "for the sake of all you hold dear, give me a little brandy!"

With tender heart full of misgivings and gloomy forebodings, her mistress hastened to succour the collapsed girl with the required spirit.

"Whatever has happened?" she asked.

"Oh, mum, thank you, that's much better. I don't care so much—now. I've just broke the old Sèvres vase what was in the dining-room."

AN ALIEN ACT FOR GOOSEBERRIES.

Undesirable aliens with two legs are already prohibited by law from landing in this country. Pretty soon, if Lord Carrington, the President of the Board of Agriculture, has his way, a similar "barring clause" will be enacted against alien plants and vegetables.

The immediate provocative cause of the Government Bill which is shortly to be introduced into the House of Commons, is the spread amongst our home-grown British gooseberry bushes of a new and deadly plant-disease—a species of herbaceous leprosy—known as American gooseberry mildew.

The "mildew" is in reality a kind of rot, black, putrescent, and absolutely incurable. It has swept like a pestilence over the United States from California to Maine, and it now threatens with extinction the gooseberries grown in British nurseries.

After much the same fashion was the tomato-farming industry of the Channel Islands brought to the verge of ruin, some few years back, by a new epidemic disease introduced from Africa by way of France. The fruit, from greenness, suddenly developed over-ripeness, and then rotted and died on the stem. A few days was all that was required, in point of time, to reduce to something worse than worthlessness an infected crop, valued at perhaps £2,000 or £3,000.

These are but sample instances. Almost every British home-grown plant has at some time or another suffered similarly. Hollyhock rust, for example, imported from South America, rendered for a while the successful cultivation of these beautiful flowers well-nigh impossible.

British lilies have been decimated by the Italian lily rot; Autralia has sent us the raspberry rot, and Japan the deadly and loathsome cucumber mildew. The new Act will put a stop to these misfortunes by enabling the Board of Agriculture to inspect all imported plants, bulbs, roots, and so on, while the County Councils will similarly be given power to examine nurseries that are suspected of being infected with disease.

THE WAY WITH POETS.

The ethereal being with the unshorn locks was shown into the editorial sanctum.

"I have written a poem on the dog," he said.

"Whose dog?" demanded the editor fiercely.

"It is not on any particular dog," faltered the poet.

"Do you mean to say that you took advantage of the dog because it was not particular and wrote your poem on it?"

"I am afraid that you do not understand me. I was inspired by the dog's fidelity——"

"If the dog was faithful, why should you hurt its feelings by writing a poem on it? Did you have the poor brute shaved and tattoo the verses on its back, or did you brand them on? Perhaps you——"

But the poet had fled!

LOVE'S PROMPTER.

He was sitting alone on the verandah, and close by him sat a young and pretty widow and a little six-year-old son.

The little fellow ran up to the gentleman, who patted him on the head.

"What's your name?" the little boy asked.

He told him.

"Is you married?" he lisped.

"No; I'm not," was the reply.

Then the child paused a moment, and, turning to his mother, said:

"Mamma, what else did you tell me to ask him?"

PAINLESS OPERATIONS.

He was a mortal who was much to be pitied. For several days he had suffered a martyrdom from toothache, and now he had delivered himself into the hands of a dentist who largely advertised the "painlessness" of his operations.

After a busy five minutes the offending molar was drawn, and the victim was trying to ascertain the extent of the damage to his jaw.

"Is that what you call painless?" he asked.

"Certainly," smiled the wielder of the forceps; "it was entirely painless to me."

"Oh, was it? Well, this is what I call a painless punch," said the victim.

And letting his clenched hand dwell for a moment on the operator's nasal organ he walked out of the house.

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

The hands of the clock were marking the hour of twelve, midnight. She had been waiting two hours for him. Her anger, from a gentle simmering, gradually increased in temperature, until the boiling point was reached. She was ready for him, and as he entered the room she opened her mouth to pour out the accumulated contents of the reservoir of her wrath. But before she could get out a word, he said:

"Look here, lovey, d'ye think marriage is a lottery?"

She was so taken aback that she could only murmur that she didn't know.

"It ain't!" he said. "The other fellows at the club have been arguing that it is—that's why I'm late. But I said: 'How can marriage be a lottery, when a fellow has only to look round him to pick out the first prize—same as I did? No lottery about that?'"

She brought him his slippers, and five minutes later she was opening a box of sardines for him with his best razor!

And Robinson winked solemnly at the canary, and enlarged inwardly on the virtues of the soap which is soft.

THE . . FOUNDED 1871.

OCEAN Accident & Guarantee Corporation Limited.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Funds (31st December, 1905) £1,452,925.

Revenue (1905) £1,113,676.

THE OCEAN CORPORATION issues policies of insurance against ACCIDENTS of all kinds (including protection for EMPLOYERS against their liability under the provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Acts).

The Corporation has paid over £5,500,000 in Claims.

FIDELITY GUARANTEES. FIRE.
MORTGAGE. PUBLIC LIABILITY.
BURGLARY. EXCESS BAD DEBT.
BOILER and LIFT INSPECTION and INSURANCE.

Head Office: 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

THE UNLUCKIEST DAY IN THE WEEK.

Although Mr. George Alexander's new play, *John Glayde's Honour*," which was produced on a Friday, has achieved a success, it is unlikely that this fact will influence managers to follow his example to any great extent.

Theatrical people are notoriously superstitious, and no theatrical superstition is more deeply rooted than that anent the unluckiness of Friday in this respect. The result is seen in the fact that during the past ten years only two plays of any importance have been produced in London—for a run—on that day.

Sailors, too, as is well known, look upon the day as one of ill-omen, especially as regards the maiden voyage of a ship. So, when the *Captain* sailed on her trial trip on a Friday, in September, 1870, there were not wanting those to prophecy disaster. How fearfully the result justified the croakers on this particular occasion is a matter of history, for the warship capsized in the Bay of Biscay, carrying with her to the bottom 481 of her officers and crew.

And in this connection it is worthy of note that there was once a shipowner named Scroop, of Wilmington, Delaware, who, becoming seriously annoyed at delays caused through masters observing this old belief, determined to disprove it once and for all. He accordingly had the keel of his next ship laid on a Friday she was launched on Friday, christened on Friday, and sent to sea on a Friday, in command of a Captain Friday. The result, however, hardly coincided with her owner's expectations, for on the very first Friday out she encountered a terrific gale, and foundered with all hands.

THE TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

A young lad presented himself at a butcher's shop, and, when the burly proprietor appeared, gave a small order.

"You don't buy so much meat now as you did," remarked the butcher.

"No," responded the lad; "it's because father has become a vegetarian."

"Well, my lad," came the grave retort, "you give your father warning from me that, as a rule, vegetarians come to a violent end. Take a bullock—'e's a vegetarian. Wot's the result? Why, 'e's cut off sudden, in his very prime!"

LOVE OR LUCRE?

"Yes," said the old man to his young visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married; and as I have made a little money they will not go penniless. There is Mary, twenty-five years old, and a really good girl, I shall give her £500 when she marries. Then comes Betty, who won't see thirty-three again, and I shall give her £1,000. And the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have £1,500 with her."

The young man reflected for a moment, and then inquired:

"You haven't one about fifty, have you?"

WHEN DOG EATS DOG.

Here is a little enigma for amateur naturalists to puzzle out. Why is it that all wild creatures, without a single exception, develop so virulent a hatred towards their tame fellows?

That they do so is well known.. Yet no two authorities are agreed upon the reason.

The hatred usually shows itself collectively, rather than individually. Thus, a community of rooks at Poole, Dorset, the other day, solemnly tried and deliberately put to death a tame relative who had attempted to make his home amongst them after escaping from its cage. Then, as though deeming their dwelling place polluted by the mere presence of the outcast body, the entire colony migrated elsewhere, leaving the rookery, which had been in existence for many years, entirely deserted.

Commander Scott, during the last British Antarctic expedition, noted how the tame dogs that accompanied the party were early marked for death by their savage, semi-wolfish, Esquimaux kindred. One by one they were murdered, in spite of all precautions, and the most pitiful part of it was that the tame dogs seemed to perfectly realise their danger. They would keep close to the ship, and safety, for months. Then one day one would venture a little way off on the ice, an Esquimaux dog would spy him and give vent to an exultant yelp, the whole savage pack would stream off to where he was, and in a few minutes only some torn scraps of flesh and skin, plus the bloodstains in the snow, were left to tell the tragedy.

Similarly, the ordinary pussy of the domestic hearth has no more deadly enemy than the wild cat, once it falls into its clutches; the wild rabbit, albeit usually timid and inoffensive, will worry to death any tame one it happens across; even fish bred in an aquarium are quickly killed if turned loose in a river or lake amongst those that have never known restraint of the kind.

Are you reading "My Revelations as a Police Spy," by X H 511, now running in SMITH'S WEEKLY? It is a most thrilling true narrative.

When Kings Get Cross.

Some Instances of Regal Wrath.

KINGS and queens are just like ordinary human beings in at least one respect; when anyone annoys them, things happen.

The Royal Academy has been under a cloud of late, and people are beginning to ask why. If the story that is being whispered round is true, then the Academy is suffering for its opposition to King Edward's wishes.

His Majesty desired to see elected as one of their number the artist who designed the stamps and coins of the new reign. A very plain hint to this effect was conveyed to the proper quarters, and the artist and his friends considered the matter was settled. Unfortunately the Academy Council did not admire the work of the artist, so they ignored the Royal wishes.

Nothing more was said at the time, but when the invitations were issued for the annual Academy banquet the Prince of Wales regretted his inability to attend. So did the Duke of Connaught; so did every other member of the Royal Family. Consequently, the Academicians had to dine without Royalty, and the banquet lost its former importance.

Another famous institution which lies under King Edward's displeasure is the Travellers' Club. His Majesty proposed for membership a certain South African millionaire, for whom he had a very great admiration. A section of the members were violently opposed, on purely political grounds, to the admission of the South African. His Majesty did his utmost, but the opposition persisted, and the King's candidate was blackballed.

All clubland was aghast. It was a direct insult to Royalty, and it could not be passed over lightly. His Majesty and all his friends resigned *en bloc*, and the club has never recovered from the loss of prestige occasioned by the secession.

Probably the Kaiser holds the squabbling record amongst Royalties, and quite recently he administered a sharp snub to Berlin. The citizens of the capital had been complaining about the number of foreign potentates who visited the Emperor William and who had to be received in State by the civic authorities. These receptions not only disorganised traffic, but were very expensive. Besides which, they grumbled, it was not dignified for the Burgomaster of a great city to have to humble himself and stand bareheaded awaiting the Royal guests.

So when the King and Queen of Norway visited the Emperor they were received and entertained at Potsdam. Berlin was simply ignored.

His Imperial Majesty's neighbour, the young Queen of Holland, has a temper of her own, which she probably inherits from her father.

Not long ago the young Queen had occasion to reprimand one of the ladies of the Court. In her annoyance the latter was criticising Her Majesty, to a friend, and neither of them noticed that Queen Wilhelmina had entered the room.

Crimson with fury she broke in upon their conversation, and the ladies started apart in terror. "Mademoiselle," she said, in an awful voice, "you are not allowed to entertain friends in my presence. Later, the Court Chamberlain informed them that they were "permitted" to retire from Court, a permission which simply meant social extinction.

The inner history of the Grand Duke Cyril's exclusion from Russia shows the Tsarina in a somewhat unpleasant light. Her brother, the Grand Duke of Hesse, quarrelled with his wife, and a divorce was decided upon. The Tsarina espoused her brother's cause and showed her hatred and detestation of the Grand Duchess in every way that was possible.

She was furious, therefore, when the Grand Duke Cyril announced his marriage to her hated sister-in-law, the ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse. In order to make the Grand Duchess suffer, and to avenge the affront on her own brother, the Tsarina brought all her influence to bear on the Tsar, urging him to exile the newly-married couple. In this she was, of course, entirely successful.

The King of Italy is not nearly so good-looking as his photographs would have us believe. In addition he is rather short of stature, a point on which he is very sensitive. Recently he was walking in the Palace gardens when he overheard two gardeners discussing him.

"I can't understand," said one, "how a handsome woman like Queen Elena came to marry an ugly little man like the King."

The "ugly little man" returned to the Palace in a towering rage, and later in the day a pair of bewildered gardeners were suddenly "sacked."

The Man who Loves and Rides Away.

By Ellice Beere.

NOT a few forlorn maidens utter a plaint from time to time concerning the man who loves and rides away.

That there are faithless lovers, and even heartless lovers, is undoubtedly true, and that men were deceivers ever has been granted from time immemorial; but, on the other hand, there are a great many girls who, through ignorance of the ways of the world, or through vanity, deceive themselves. They very often imagine themselves wooed by one who, in reality, has no more thought of wooing them than of winning them.

A few compliments, a slight pressure of the hand, an admiring look in some man's eyes, and straightway these sentimental damsels regard themselves as loved and wanted, when, in reality, their own good sense should tell them the gentleman in question is a flirt. Or, if their judgment does not necessarily write him down a flirt, if in their inmost heart they believe him earnest and sincere, is it not frequently because they wish to believe so?

Let them in such case give him time to prove his sincerity and worth. Let them not too rashly give their own heart and hopes into his keeping. Let him, indeed, woo before he may hope to win.

There are men who have honestly no intention of flirting, and yet to whom it is as natural as the air they breathe to utter compliments, put a tender inflexion in the voice, and let their eyes say unutterable things when speaking to a pretty woman. They think that women like this kind of thing, and undoubtedly it does please many of them.

But a woman of the world estimates this impressive manner at its right value, and is seldom taken in by it. She knows it is not reserved for her especial benefit, but is the lot of every attractive woman such a man may meet, and signifies less than nothing. Men themselves would often be shocked and surprised if they could guess how certain unsophisticated damsels fondly imagine the honeyed compliments and tender tones are reserved for them alone.

Possibly one reason why many inexperienced girls are deceived into thinking themselves beloved when they are not is that nowadays there are so many women who are content to play at love merely. A man himself is often puzzled to know whether the girl who so gaily accepts attentions on all sides would ever give serious consideration to the subject of matrimony. Platonic friendships are so much encouraged by the present independence of women that by degrees many men insensibly come to the belief that every woman they meet has no more at stake in the matter than they have themselves.

But the exceptions have to be reckoned with all the same, and if a man, actuated as he may be, only by a feeling of chivalry and friendliness, takes notice of a forlorn little maiden, small wonder if she espies in him the Prince Charming, who, in spite of the sad disillusions she sees around her, she fondly imagines has come to lead her into the enchanted kingdom.

Straightway, in blind, unquestioning trust, she gives her heart into his keeping, undesired though it may be.

If there is a careful mother or friend at hand to utter a warning note, much pain may be spared; but sometimes it happens that they, the mother and friends, in their anxiety to promote a match, construe a man's meaningless attentions into a desire to woo and marry.

With many significant laughs and jests they arouse in an ignorant and innocent girl's mind an idea that the simple and kindly notice she had taken an almost childish pleasure in, is fraught with serious meaning, and she sets herself to note every word and glance, and meanwhile indulges in sentimental romancing about him until she is soon deeply in love with him, or imagines herself so.

Probably, had she been left alone, she would never have taken the man's attentions for more than they were worth. Her officious friends worked their share of the mischief.

A girl's instinct should warn her to distinguish between those attentions, which are the outcome of natural gallantry, and the very different kind of homage, which is proffered when a man's affections are engaged, and a real impression has been made on his heart.

And until this has been proved indisputably to her, a maid must lock up the citadel of her heart, and, in spite of repeated onslaughts, keep it safe until one comes who does not only openly show that he is fighting to win, but who shows also that it will be his greatest joy to wear and keep for himself the prize he is fighting for.

Mouse Magazines and Rainfall Reviews.

Papers Run for Queer Purposes.

WHO would imagine that the mouse has a journal devoted entirely to its tiny self? This periodical is known as the NATIONAL MOUSE JOURNAL, and is supported mainly by members of the National Mouse Club. Particulars of the various shows, at which valuable prizes are given and remarkable prices obtained for uncommon varieties of the mouse tribe, are to be found in the journal, together with a mass of other useful information.

Although thousands daily read the weather reports in the newspapers, very few are aware that there is a magazine which owes its existence to the rainfall. It is known as SYMON'S METEOROLOGICAL MAGAZINE, which, besides printing articles and news on all branches of meteorology, gives monthly returns of rainfall from over 150 stations in the British Isles.

This magazine, though published by a private firm, is really doing a national work. It circulates among some 4,000 people throughout the country who are interested in rainfall observations. Some of these observers send in reports daily, others once a month. The magazine, the BRITISH RAINFALL, continues to flourish on our changeable weather. Something like a thousand observers purchase the annual volume, and another 2,000 who cannot afford the expense receive without payment an extract from it containing the annual totals of rainfall.

Undertakers have a weekly journal devoted to their interests, which keeps them abreast of all the latest things in funerals. It is called the UNDERTAKERS' JOURNAL, and some time ago a Christmas number was produced bearing the cheerful title of the SHROUD, which contained much reading matter in the way of a serious if not exactly seasonable nature.

Equally cheerful as regards title and contents is the HANGMAN'S RECORD, which was much in evidence on the occasion of the recent opening of the new Old Bailey by the King.

Many publications exist and flourish largely which are unknown even by name, except to the particular class for which they cater. Perry's MERCANTILE GAZETTE is devoted to the protection of traders, for which purpose it records the misfortunes of the ordinary public in the shape of bankruptcy reports, county court judgments, bills of sale, and so on. The influence of this and of a similar publication issued by Stubbs is enormous, yet it is safe to say that not more than 10 per cent. of the population have even seen a copy of either.

Scotland Yard publishes what might be described as a daily paper. It contains descriptions of stolen property, with illustrations where possible, and is circulated privately among jewellers and pawnbrokers. The Yard also has a paper for detectives only, containing particulars of ticket-of-leave men, criminals, and offenders who are "wanted."

Moneylenders, too, have a private paper of their own, which circulates amongst them exclusively, and which records the names and addresses of all people who have applied for loans.

One of the most remarkable magazines published in London is the COMMONWEAL, the organ of the Communist Anarchists. It was founded by no less a personage than the late William Morris, by whom it was edited for a considerable period, and numbered among its contributors Prince Peter Kropotkin and Emile Reclus. It passed, however, from the control of poets and savants into the hands of violent revolutionists. The present proprietors cannot afford to have it printed, so the editor types the entire matter himself and duplicates a few hundred copies. These he sells at meetings in Hyde Park, and is thus one of the few editors who edit, print, publish, and sell their own papers.

The NEW MOON is the appropriate title of a paper published for the insane, and is issued in connection with a certain institution in Scotland. The MORNINGSIDE MIRROR is another journal of this particular class, the contributors being the inmates of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum.

Every new movement or invention is certain to bring a number of journals into existence. The advent of the aeroplane is already heralded by a journal devoted to aerial navigation, and doubtless in a few years publications of this description will be as numerous as motor journals are to-day.

Each trade and calling has its own particular organ. The waiters have a monthly journal, printed in three different languages, English, French, and German. Strange to say, however, the calling which is strongest of all numerically, that of domestic servants, is still without a journal of its own.

SMITH'S WEEKLY the official organ of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, contains weekly news for miniature riflemen.

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Bed-sheets Regulated by Law.

The Wisconsin State Assembly has passed a Bill compelling hotels to provide sheets at least eight feet long on every bed.

Calf to Calf.

When a man was arrested at Norwich on suspicion of stealing two pounds of veal from a stall in the market the missing meat was found concealed in the leg of his trousers.

The Value of Beauty.

A pretty girl of seventeen who was attacked in the streets of Davos by a butcher's dog and bitten severely in the face, has been awarded £240 by a Swiss tribunal as compensation.

Dog's Bone in His Leg.

A remarkable operation has been performed at Lansing, Michigan. A bone in the leg of a lad named Buck having decayed, it was replaced by the bone of a dog with complete success.

Towed by the Tail.

A steam trawler has towed into Grimsby a whale over 70ft. long. It was encountered in the North Sea in a dying condition, and by means of a rope secured round its tail was towed over 100 miles.

Castor Oil as a Punishment.

It was stated recently during the trial at the Greenwich County Court of a suit by a governess against a schoolmistress that castor oil was given to pupils in large quantities as a punishment.

All Through a Potato.

A potato lodged in the throat of a bull at Datchworth, near Hitchin and drove it mad. Four men who tried to secure it were tossed. One of them had two ribs broken, and the head of another was badly injured.

The Test of the Thread.

A man charged with drunkenness at Tonbridge said that in order to test his condition, the police gave him a needle to thread, and although they tied knots in the cotton, he completed the operation. Notwithstanding his success, the Bench fined him.

Walking Bank.

A woman admitted to the Wellington (Somerset) Workhouse in a starving condition, was found on examination to have sewn on her clothing 528 coins, amounting to £16 9s. 8½d. Each coin was wrapped in paper and cloth, and sewn on her wearing apparel.

Celebrating His Good Luck.

A Swiss commercial traveller, who recently won the Italian national lottery prize of £40,000, has just given a grand feast to 100 guests to commemorate the handing over of his winnings. The banquet lasted twelve hours, and the diners consumed 278 bottles of champagne.

Hawk's Last Chase.

So great was the force with which a sparrow-hawk in chase of a small bird darted against a plate-glass window at Lord Northbourne's mansion, near Deal, that a circular hole was smashed in the window, and the glass scattered to a distance of eighteen feet. The hawk's neck was broken.

Verdict by Drawing Lots.

The solicitor for a farmer against whom a verdict for £17 had been given, applied at Boston County Court recently for a new trial, on the ground that the jury arrived at their decision by drawing lots. He said that papers were put into a hat, one marked "plaintiff" and the other "defendant." The judge decided that the allegation must be proved before he could grant the application.

The Telegraph Girl.

The post-office authorities of Hoboken, New York, despairing of the telegraph boy, who was said to be utterly dilatory, have employed girls, to the great improvement of the service.

Ingenious Draughts.

Two prisoners on remand at the Sunderland police station managed to play draughts, despite the official prohibition of games. They chalked the necessary squares on a wooden bed, and cut bread into small pieces for "men."

Umbrellas for the Church Army.

The Church Army has received some unusual gifts. The authorities of the Stock Exchange have sent a large number of unclaimed umbrellas and walking-sticks. The owner of a prize Jersey bull, which became savage and had to be destroyed, has sent one-half of the carcase to assist in the feeding of inmates in the Army homes.

Forty Asleep in the Kitchen.

Remarkable disclosures were made at Tredegar recently during the hearing of summonses against lodging-house keepers for non-compliance with by-laws. The sanitary inspector said in one house registered to accommodate 120 he found 108 beds occupied and forty men asleep in the kitchen on tables, benches, and round the stove.

What will they call them next?

A Londoner who travels much around the suburbs has made a collection of queer house names. He mentions that in Harringay a small house bears the title of "The Nailbox." In the Ilford district not long ago there stood a "Cantankerous Cottage." But he awards the palm to two adjoining villas in Tooting named respectively "Arnica" and "Iodine." The owner is a veterinary surgeon.

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

A FLEXIBLE NEEDLE.

Saddlers and cobblers use quite a primitive sort of needle for many of their operations. It consists simply of a straight, strong, single boar's bristle. This is worked into the tapered end of the incorporated waxed threads of the strand they employ for sewing. A hole is bored with an awl through the leather, and the thread is led through with the bristle and then drawn tight. It serves its purpose admirably.

OUTSIDE A SIGNAL-BOX.

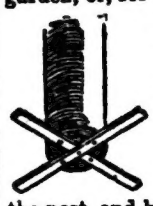
Some time ago there appeared in this feature a paragraph explaining why a board bearing the letter T is hung outside a signal-box. This week an explanation of the letter "S" under similar conditions is given. When the "S" outside a signal-box is black on a white ground it tells any lineman who may be passing in a train that the signals are working satisfactory. If, however, any repairs need effecting the signalman reverses the board. It then shows a white "S" on a red ground, and a lineman on seeing this calls at the box to attend to the repairs. This done, he continues his journeyings till another signal-box demands his attention.

THE END YOU WANT.

When you start a new ball of twine and probe the centre, two ends will be noticed, as the illustration depicts.

When given a slight pull, one of these proves to be much tighter than the other. The tight end is the one you require. This end is fixed firmly on the spindle when a ball is commenced, and this accounts for the tightness. This is a useful hint, as otherwise long lengths of the wrong end may be pulled out before the mistake is noticed.

KEEPS THE POST UPRIGHT.

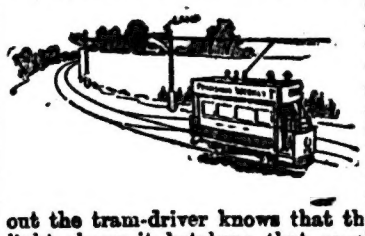


If ever you wish to erect a clothes-line post in your garden, or, for that matter, a post of any kind, you can make sure of its stability by following this method: Nail two pieces of strong wood to the bottom of the post, as illustrated. The most suitable size for these pieces is 2in. wide by 1in. thick by 18in. or more long. All that has to be done then is to place the pole firmly in the ground and jam the earth into the hole. The cross-pieces act as a foundation for the post, and keep it in its proper position. If you saw grooves in the bottom of the post so that the cross pieces could fit in, it would give them additional strength.

TO AMUSE YOUR FRIENDS.

A neat balancing trick can be performed in this way: Fasten to the brimstone end of a match a piece of thin copper or bouquet wire. Attach to the end of the wire a small cork. By placing the end of the match on the tip of the finger, as illustrated, a perfect balance is obtained.

WORKING THE SINGLE LINE.



In electric-tram systems where stretches have to be worked on a single line, and this, moreover, on a bending road, the following method is sometimes employed to tell a car-driver if another car going in the opposite direction is on the stretch he wishes to traverse. On a pole at both ends of the stretch a small electric lamp is fixed, each lamp being controlled by a switch at the other end. If the lamp is out the tram-driver knows that the line is clear. If a light shows it betokens that another tram is coming towards him on the stretch, so he has perforce to wait till it passes.

Personal Pars.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Lord Penrhyn's Proposal.

The late Lord Penrhyn's father was Colonel Douglas, a Scotsman, who married the heiress of Mr. Pennant, of Penrhyn Castle, and afterwards took the name of Douglas-Pennant. It is said that when he proposed for Miss Pennant, her father asked: "What can you do for my daughter?" "I can make her a good husband," was the tactful reply. The father gave his consent; and in 1866 the lucky Scotsman was raised to the peerage as Lord Penrhyn.

When Lawyers Disagree.

Here is a story of Sir William Pickford, the new judge. He was once speaking before a couple of judges, when a disagreement arose. After a long discussion on a point of law, one of the judges said: "We repeat that the statement you make is not good law, and this Court does not sit to expound the law to you, Mr. Pickford. We have neither the wish, the time——" "Nor the ability, your lordships," interjected the barrister; "quite so, quite so! Now, as to paragraph 3——"

The King and the American.

The King, now at Biarritz, in the South of France, is not so persecuted by tourists as he was at Homburg, when he stayed there some years ago. One season he was followed everywhere by a persistent American, who never failed to remove his hat with a sweeping bow every time he confronted the Prince (as he then was). At last the Yankee managed to get alongside the Heir-Apparent, and, hat in hand, he began: "I guess, sir, that you know my face!" The Prince looked a moment, and then caustically answered: "I certainly do seem to recognise the top of your head." The American fled, and was seen no more.

Mr. Dickens's Happy Retort.

Recently, Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C., son of the famous writer, was prosecuting in a case which was defended by his son, Mr. H. C. Dickens. This recalls a story. The elder Mr. Dickens, when staying at Coire for a little holiday, got into conversation at a dinner-table on the subject of glacier chasms. One of the others, dipping his finger in champagne, outlined on the cloth a certain chasm. "That's a pretty fair description of the place," he asserted. "Yes," assented Mr. Dickens, "it is quite an illustration by Phiz."

Pastor Spurgeon at the Orphanage.

Pastor Tom Spurgeon, though he has resigned his charge at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, will always retain an affectionate interest in the Stockwell Orphanage, which was founded by his father. Some years ago the genial pastor visited the Orphanage to witness the Christmas festivities. He was accompanied by his little son, who, seeing the splendid array of toys and the general jollity of the inmates, looked up in his father's face and made the unfilial remark: "Oh, don't I wish I was an orphan!"

A Big Cigar on the Battle-field.

Among the survivors of the Indian Mutiny, which took place nearly fifty years ago, is General Sir James Clerk-Rattray, of the Scottish Rifles. He is now seventy-four years of age, and lives at Blairgowrie, in Scotland. He was severely wounded at Lucknow by a shot between the shoulders, and, after being told that he had probably only an hour to live, was asked what he would like. "Well," was the reply, "I think I should like a big cigar." He smoked the cigar in perfect calmness—and recovered!

"Over the River."

General Booth, during his visit to Denmark a few weeks ago, had an interview with the King of that country. On shaking hands at parting, his Majesty said: "General Booth, we shall meet again, and whenever we do meet I shall be very happy to see you." "Yes, your Majesty," replied the veteran Salvationist, "we shall meet again—over the river, your Majesty, I trust we shall meet over the river." "Yes, over the river," repeated the King.

Lord Tennyson's Christian Name.

Lord Tennyson, at a public dinner recently, disclosed the fact that he was a poet like his father. He read a short verse describing his first sight of the Australian shore. It may be recalled that, when the present peer was about to be christened, Hallam, the godfather asked: "What is to be the child's name?" "Hallam," replied the father. "I don't like surnames for Christian names," said the other; "why not call him Alfred after yourself?" "What if he were to turn out a fool?" was the answer. The baby was christened Hallam.

When Botha Caught a Train.

General Louis Botha, who is coming to England as Prime Minister of the Transvaal, was one of the Boer leaders during the war. On one occasion he had an interview with Lord Kitchener to arrange terms of peace; but, the conference proving fruitless, Botha said: "Well, I must be going." "Don't be in a hurry," remarked Kitchener pleasantly; "you haven't got a train to catch." "But that's just what I have got to do," replied Botha, as, with his party, he took his leave. And, sure enough, the very next day he captured and looted a British train on the Delagoa line, not far from the place of meeting!

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Boots, Top Hats, and Combs have Caused Fatal Accidents.

THERE are no statistics of the number of deaths which were directly due to that now happily defunct horror, the crinoline. But there are cases enough on record to show that dozens of unfortunate women lost their lives yearly through their hoop-expanded skirts catching fire.

Dress, both men's and women's, is more sensible nowadays, yet even so not a few deaths are traceable directly to garments or personal adornments. Rather more than a year ago, Baron Von Hammerstein, German Minister for the Interior, was taken with a chill which ended in pneumonia and his death. During his illness someone asked him how he had caught cold. "It's those abominable knee breeches," he exclaimed. "I always catch cold when I wear them in the draughts at Court."

Boots have killed not a few. Through wearing a pair of new boots with slippery soles, a Matlock guard slipped under a moving train and received injuries which caused his death.

A much stranger case was that of a poor girl who was employed at the Holborn Exchange of the National Telephone Company. A fire escape practice was held, and it came to the girl's turn to enter the canvas chute. One of her boot heels happened to have a projecting nail. This ripped the canvas open, and she fell crashing to the pavement and fractured her skull.

It is reported that the King's fall, some years ago, when staying with Lord Rothschild, was caused by a new pair of shoes with slippery soles. About the same date a resident at Steyning, in Sussex, was hurrying downstairs one morning when a bootlace came undone and he fell. He picked himself up. "Not much damage done," he remarked cheerily to a member of his family. But he was dead within a week.

THE DANGER OF WEARING ORNAMENTAL BIRDS.

To turn from one extreme to the other. Hats have been responsible for the deaths of their wearers. A lady residing at Manitowish, Wisconsin, went for a walk, and sat down to rest among some bushes by the wayside. A sportsman passing caught sight through the foliage of the ornamental bird in her hat, thought it was real, fired, and killed her.

It was a top-hat which killed a leather merchant at Northampton. Going into his house one day in a hurry, he struck the top of his hat with such force against the lintel as to bonnet himself. The hat forced down over his forehead, injured his skull, and caused inflammation of the brain from which he died.

"That antiquated garment, the petticoat, has been the cause of many serious accidents," said the West Wilts coroner, when holding an inquest upon a woman who had tripped on her dress and fallen downstairs, fracturing three ribs and receiving fatal injuries. He might have added that the tails of men's coats are also dangerous appendages. At Dresden, about a year ago, a German gentleman getting out of his carriage caught the tails of his frock-coat in the door and fell, frightening the horses. They sprang forward, and the hind wheel went over him, crushing him so that he died a couple of days later.

POISONED BY CHEAP SOCKS.

Celluloid is notoriously inflammable. A celluloid collar cost the life of Charles Sanders, a motorman on a Chicago electric line. His motor burned out, and in attempting to put it right he got the controller charged with electricity. A spark fired his celluloid collar, and it burst into a vivid blaze of yellow flame. He was taken to hospital and died there.

In hot weather, London hospitals often have patients suffering from poisoned feet caused by wearing cheap, brilliantly-dyed socks. Cheap hat-bands highly glazed with arsenic or zinc have also been known to set up serious poisoning. Perhaps the most peculiar case on record of poisoning by clothes was that of a Birmingham street-cleaner. He had purchased a cheap overcoat which, as appeared afterwards, was dyed with a preparation of chloride of zinc. He got wet through, coat and all, and the result was painful swellings in arms and shoulders.

Imagining this to be rheumatism, he clung to his coat the more closely, and after another wetting became so ill that he never recovered.

Hair-combs are more in favour than ever at present. Ladies, be warned by the fate of a young woman at Munich! She fell off the platform of a tramcar, and the teeth of her heavy aluminium hair-comb were driven so deeply into her head that she died in a few hours.

A NEW FEATURE.

THIS WEEK'S HERO.

General Louis Botha, the Transvaal Prime Minister, who is coming to London for the Colonial Conference.

OF all the many distinguished representatives of our Empire beyond the seas who will be present at the forthcoming Colonial Conference in London is none who for picturesqueness of personality can compare with Louis Botha, the new Transvaal Prime Minister, and the ex-commander-in-chief of the now-no-more Boer army.

Kitchener described him as "a born gentleman." He certainly proved himself a born general. He it was, it will be remembered, who inflicted upon us the crushing defeats of Colenso and Spion Kop.

He was too, of course, one of those who fought to the bitter end, although at the beginning he had been averse from any appeal to arms, and voted against it in the Volksraad at that secret session wherein it was determined to send to Great Britain the famous ultimatum.

When he drives in state through the streets of London next week, or the week after, you will recognise him easily enough. Standing six feet high and broad in proportion, there is none among the premiers to approach him in bulk. His eyes are blue, the face brown and round and somewhat deeply lined, and the strong, aggressive personality of his nature is shown in the erectness of his carriage, chest thrown out, and shoulders well back, like a soldier on parade.

As is the case with many men who have made their mark in the world, Louis Botha is of mixed ancestry. His grandfather was a German soldier of fortune, who fought for France, and eventually emigrated to South Africa, and there married a Dutch lady. His son, Louis Botha's father, was General Philip Botha, who fought the savages and ourselves with equal impartiality in the old days before Majuba.

But Louis Botha was too young to take any active part in those stirring struggles, and his experience of war was therefore practically nil prior to the outbreak of the great conflict which was destined to sound the death knell of his country as he then knew it, and to raise him from a simple country farmer to the rank of commander-in-chief of an army, to be followed by a Colonial premiership.

Botha's birthplace was Vrede, in the Orange Free State. He is the second son of five, and is forty-one years old. In England he would be called a gentleman farmer; but there is this difference, that his "farm," which is close to the borders of what was formerly Zululand, is as large as many an English nobleman's whole estate. It is worked principally by native labour, and it is worthy of note that his hired hands remained faithful to him throughout the war, and performed their tasks as usual, although most of those attached to his neighbours' homesteads either deserted in a body as soon as hostilities began or remained merely to loaf and loot.

Any sketch of Louis Botha's career would be incomplete that omitted mention of Mrs. Botha. She is of Irish extraction, her name prior to her marriage being Emmet, and she is proud of being able to trace her descent in a direct line from that Robert Emmet who gave his young life in the cause of Irish freedom more than a century ago.

It was from her pen that there emanated the soul-stirring battle-speech which Botha delivered at the "kreigsraad" of his officers held on the eve of the Colenso fight. And it is related of her that when, later on, British troops, acting under the stern necessities of war, burned the beautiful home her husband had built for her, she looked on with tearless eyes and smiling face, and responded to the apologies of the officer whose orders compelled him to carry out what was doubtless to him personally an extremely distasteful duty with the brave words, "I suffer, but I am not sorry."

The remark may sound enigmatical, but it is easily understandable if one remembers her ancestry and tries to realise something of what must have been in consequence in her mind at the moment it was uttered.

Botha's rapid rise to the supreme command is one of the romances of war. At the beginning he was just an ordinary officer, who perforce carried out the ordinary routine duties assigned to him in the ordinary routine way. In the western theatre of operations the stubborn Cronje held paramount sway; in the eastern the aged Joubert was all-powerful. Then came the defeat and surrender of the former at Paardeberg, followed by the death of the latter, and of Lucas Meyer, his successor. One man only was then left in the running for the commander-in-chiefship and that was Botha, the hero of Modder Spruit.

From thence onward his life story is the story of the war. It is not exactly pleasant reading for Britons, nor for Boers, who are now themselves Britons. So we will pass it over. Suffice it say that he showed himself as brave as he was merciful. He would suffer no departure from the recognised usages of civilised war. One of his first acts was to cashier one of his own generals (Tobias Smuts) for having burned the town of Bremersdorp, in Swaziland, after having captured it from the British.

Louis Botha is an admirer of England and Englishmen, and speaks English fluently.

Waste that Brings in Money.

THE utilisation of waste is a form of economy which of late years has made rapid strides, and admits of many new applications. Instead of being allowed to flow into rivers and brooks, or cast into the rubbish heap, this so-called waste is now being turned to good account, and is helping to swell many banking accounts.

In Liverpool, for instance, houses are being built out of waste clinkers, which formerly were regarded as worse than useless. The difficulty in disposing of these clinkers, indeed, was at one time so great that people were paid to remove them. Now they save the builder a heavy bill for bricks.

In other towns, where tanning is carried on, leather waste is compressed and made into cogwheels. Sawdust, which was once considered of no value save for a circus ring or the floors of public-houses, is now being put to many useful purposes. An illustration which appeared in a monthly magazine some time ago, showing a mountain of sawdust adjoining a timber mill in New Zealand, drew forth a number of letters from people who were anxious to obtain further particulars. Judging by these letters, sawdust is a valuable commodity nowadays, and can be converted into all manner of things.

In all large factories and ironworks practically nothing is wasted at the present day. Plush is manufactured from material which formerly went to swell the rubbish heap, and the discovery of the fact that this was possible brought an immense fortune to the originator of the idea, and eventually a peerage. Even the gases from iron furnaces are not now allowed to escape, but are captured and put to practical use.

SKIMMING A RIVER FOR GREASE.

On the North Western Railway of Chicago some thousands of pounds have gone to swell the railway dividend by collecting and revitalising weak pin-points, instead of throwing them away as was formerly done. A car called the "Economy Special" visits every station once in sixty days, and collects bent pins, twisted links, and other waste material that can no longer serve the purpose for which they were made.

The packing-houses of Chicago, as everybody knows who has read the "Jungle," allow no such thing as waste of any kind. It is a common saying that nothing is wasted of the pig except the squeak. Gratings have been placed in the drains to collect the scourings of the floors, and the oily substance which collected on the surface of a brook was skimmed off and converted into lard.

Skimming a river for a living may be said to be one of the most striking examples of the utilisation of waste. This is done in Paris. There is one individual, at least, in the French capital who makes it his daily business to skim the Seine. He is out at early morning in an old flat-bottomed boat, armed with a skimming pan. With this he skims off the surface of the river the grease which collects there during the night, and which he disposes of to a soap factory. Generally he makes a shilling or so by his morning's work, which enables him to live.

THE GUILD OF CORK GATHERERS.

In Paris also there are a number of people who make a living out of waste corks, which they fish from the Seine. They collect on the river bank at daybreak, each with a short pole, at the end of which is a small improvised net. They set to work to gather in the floating corks, subsequently selling them to the cork merchants in the neighbourhood.

There are about a score or so of these cork fishermen, who have formed themselves into a sort of craft, and who guard their interests very jealously. If they catch sight of a stranger netting corks they fall on him in a body. Only quite recently the police rescued one of these novices barely in time to save his life.

The sweepings of a floor might well be considered as so much waste; yet, through a fire in London the other day, which consumed a quantity of sweepings stored in the basement, a certain firm lost several hundred pounds. The heap of dust and rubbish contained silver filings, which it was intended to extract later on.

This is regularly done at all works where silver or gold is used. In gold-refiners' premises even the soot in the chimneys is not allowed to be treated as waste. It is found to contain minute particles of the precious metal, which are far too valuable to be lost.

In places where sheep are bred extensively, one frequently see little bits of wool adhering to briers and hedges. These are no longer regarded as waste. From such wool rubbish, whether coming from sheep or goats, valuable oil is now extracted.

Serious articles, light articles, good short complete stories, a fascinating serial story, are all to be found in SMITH'S WEEKLY. One penny, every Tuesday.

By Geo. R. Sims.

X. THE STORY OF A STREET.

THE street is quite a side street, and it is on the south side of London. We walk along a broad thoroughfare with stretches of busy shopping land, and then stretches of villadom—or what once was villadom—in between.

On Saturday night the thoroughfare in the neighbourhood of the shops is crowded, and along the kerb are many hawkers with their wares in baskets or on trays.

Stalls have gone from the thoroughfares, and the costers who owned them have been packed up side streets by the new regulations.

There are three or four side streets in this neighbourhood which are market streets of the poor. It is along one of the busiest that we are going to wander, because it is a rather notorious byway and its character is stamped upon it by the number of missions run by various denominations which are established in it.

The curse of this byway is drink. Crime there is also, but it is principally crime of the violent order. There are thieves in the street, but they are mostly "snatchers" or pickpockets. It is not a criminal area in the worst sense of the word.

At the top of the side street there are stalls and hawkers, and the flare of the naphtha lamps at night lights up the gloom.

GHOSTLY FIGURES OF THE NIGHT.

But if we go on and on the stalls become fewer and the lights become dimmer, and presently we are in an old world narrow-way of darkness.

At ten o'clock at night some parts of this street are so dark that the figures flitting to and fro seem ghostly.

Off the street run quaint little sideways in which are tumbledown cottages, broken wooden palings, and puny patches of vegetation.

You pass a row of dilapidated-looking cottages, and you come to a block of red brick Industrial Dwellings, and then to a row of small Georgian houses, and here and there are curious little chapels and mission-halls and small shops so dimly illuminated that you would not be surprised to find that the old farthing rushlight was responsible for the feeble rays falling on the poor little stock of goods in the small window.

A depressing street at this end of it at the best of times, it is not one to linger in at night, if you want to take a cheerful view of life.

But we are in it not to take a view of life, but to see something of the inhabitants who keep such a large number of missions busily employed.

Most of these missions have a social side, and the good men and women who do the social work are principally employed in dealing with the drink problem.

DEALING WITH THE DRINK QUESTION.

The problem is especially interesting here, because the bulk of the people affected by it are industrious, and earn their money honestly. But they are convivial to a dangerous degree—more especially the women—and what they earn by two days' hard work they spend principally in drink during the other five.

Opposite to one hall, which is avowedly a temperance mission, there is a dingy, badly-lighted public-house, and from this public-house there come from time to time to the Mission House human documents of drunkenness that would have furnished Zola with material for an English counterpart of "L'Assommoir."

If we enter the public-house, which stands at a corner and has more sermons preached about it by the local philanthropists than any other place in the neighbourhood, we should find it packed with women, many of them with little children in their arms or at their skirts.

But we will step across to the mission instead, and find one or two of the customers who have bidden the bar good-bye, at any rate for the present.

We should not have much opportunity for quiet conversation with the patronesses of the dram shop, but we shall be able in the cosy little parlour of the resident temperance missioner to talk with a saved "case."

A woman, fairly well dressed, still young and comfortable-looking, is quite willing to tell us her story.

It is a remarkable one, and worth hearing. Four months ago her husband died—she is still in black for him—and to her surprise she found that he had saved money.

He had kept a modest little home, but had never boasted of having any money saved, and so when at his death Mrs. J—— found that she had become entitled to £200, she was, as she expressed it, "a bit taken aback."

If Mr. J—— could have foreseen what would happen he would have tied that money up pretty tightly. But his wife had always shown herself a sober, industrious woman, and by his will he left her "everything."

A day or two after her husband's death Mrs. J—— found her way—with some women neighbours who called to condole with her—to the public-house at the corner, and she continued to find her way there and treat all and sundry, until she fell in the process into a chronic state of intoxication.

The whole of the £200 left to the widow living in this mean little street went in a month, and it all went in drink.

One night when she was almost at the end of her resources she was so "bad" that she was unable to get home without assistance. Two women kindly "assisted" her—saw her home, and put her to bed.

FRIENDS IN NEED WHO HELPED THEMSELVES.

When she got up in the morning she found that her friends in need had also assisted themselves.

They had stripped the room of everything worth taking, and even carried off the boots and clothes which she had worn when she was "assisted" home.

Mrs. J—— is certainly sobered now. She has joined the temperance workers, and as she tells her story with a good deal of dramatic force she is an excellent object-lesson of the unwisdom of excessive conviviality.

She has a couple of rooms in the red dwellings close by, which are locally known as "The Block of Tragedies," on account of the fate of several of the tenants.

One shocking case which occurred a year or two ago in the block is still remembered in the district.

A man, formerly in a good position, had drunk himself from a house in a superior neighbourhood to a room in the buildings. Because he spent every farthing he got in drink, his family would not trust him with the rent, but paid it direct to the collector every week.

With the rest of his allowance the man contrived to drink himself into a state of chronic alcoholism.

A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG.

One night he left the bar of the public-house opposite the mission, staggered up the steps of the buildings, and went to his room and to bed.

He didn't turn up the next morning as usual for his early "livener," and he didn't come in all day.

It was concluded that he had gone away for a time, as he sometimes did, having well-to-do relatives in the West-End.

But when a week had gone by, and nothing had been seen of him, it occurred to the caretaker that he might be ill.

So the caretaker tried the room door, and, finding it locked, burst it open.

The man was sitting up in bed, his head against the wall. He was dead. His eyes were wide open, and the face had turned black.

The caretaker, uttering a cry of terror, rushed off for the doctor.

The man had been dead for a week.

The case is vividly remembered on account of an expression used by the caretaker in giving evidence before the coroner.

"What was the appearance when you first saw the body?" was the question.

"I thought it was God's image in charcoal looking at me," was the reply.

A WEAPON EVERY WOMAN HAS.

But the Block of Tragedies opposite the public-house has not had as yet a sobering effect upon the patrons of the latter establishment.

Sometimes when the wassail is high in consequence of some local event of importance, such as a funeral, the women wassailers will suddenly sally forth and treat the company assembled in the little Mission Hall to a weird serenade, and then invite them to come forth and have "a blue ribbon beano."

There are times when the mission company have an exceedingly unpleasant half-hour. Their women foes are not at all particular as to the means they employ to annoy, so long as the annoyance is caused. Their one idea of triumph is to carry a convert to temperance across to the public-house and win her back to "conviviality" again. Sometimes, but not often, they succeed, and then the captive is conducted along the street at midnight with all the honours of victory. If it is on Saturday night—the favourite night for this form of local warfare—it may happen there are many hat-pins fixed outside the cell doors of the local police-station, and one or two black eyes in the dock of the police-court on Monday morning.

The hat-pin is always taken from a female prisoner before anything else. In the hands of a woman who has lost control of herself, it is a formidable weapon of attack or defence.

Let us return for a moment to the street.

If we are to take it from end to end and stop in front of all the places in which there have from time to time been scenes of terror and bloodshed, we must pile up an appalling record.

But the task would be a gruesome one, and we must rest satisfied to know that the neighbourhood *has* a record and that the record accounts for the little army of good men and women who are working night and day to make the future fairer.

If you see the street on Saturday night you see it busy and flaring at one end, dull and gloomy at the other.

But see it on Sunday, and it is like a fair. You can hardly squeeze your way through the masses that crowd and jostle each other and stand wedged in between the stalls.

Here, as in the world-famed Petticoat Lane—now known as Middlesex Street—you can buy almost anything you want from a parrot to a picklock, from a piece of beef to a pair of bellows, from a sideboard to a saveloy, from a guinea-pig to a farthing kite.

Enter the public-houses, and you will find a strange company. Men are there with canaries in cages tied up in a handkerchief. Men are there with trousers and coats over their arms, bargains they have purchased earlier in the day.

AFTER THE WORK IS OVER

Women are there with their babies and the little bits of finery they have spent a few pence upon.

You wonder how the husband's dinner is getting on when you see so many women at the drinking bars at one o'clock. Perhaps the dinner is cold and can wait. Perhaps it is arranged for a later hour in the day. Perhaps it is at the baker's and can be fetched at half-past one. In some instances the dinner is only "pieces," and there is an elder girl at home who can do all the cooking that the "pieces" are likely to get.

But there is money in this street, and some of the people who have shops and houses in it fare well, and after dinner take a drive out in a pony-trap, but more frequently in the cart that has done duty commercially during the week.

And in the quiet of the Sunday afternoon, when the market is over and the street is almost deserted, you may hear the sounds of song in the mission houses that are so plentiful and the voices of the preachers and of the lay workers testifying to the triumphs that have been won in "abodes of darkness" and voices raised in prayer that the spoils of victory may increase and multiply.

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN THE UNDERTAKER'S.

Before we leave the neighbourhood in the happy frame of mind induced by the Sunday peace, let us take a byway leading out of this street and look at a dingy tenement house, in which there was once a happening that caused considerable local gossip.

A Mrs. Jones occupied a room in the basement of the tenement house.

Mrs. Jones had three children and a baby. Mr. Jones was away doing a few months' hard work in consequence of his having forgotten to pay for a suit of clothes which he removed from the doorway of a cheap tailor's shop.

Mrs. Jones's baby died. It was insured, so Mrs. Jones called at the undertaker's and ordered a nice little funeral, and then went and drew the insurance money.

Instead of going to the undertaker with the money she went into a public-house with some condoling friends and put off the visit to the undertaker till later on. That evening and the next day there were more visits of condolence to the public-house, and at night Mrs. Jones discovered that what she hadn't spent of the insurance money had been borrowed by someone who had forgotten to leave an I O U.

SHOWY FUNERALS THE THING.

The undertaker of the poor only delivers his goods for cash in advance, and so the poor little dead baby was put out of the way in the cupboard.

Mrs. Jones went about penniless and weeping. A number of good motherly souls took pity on her and subscribed the money for the undertaker, and gave it to Mrs. Jones.

She was so elated at getting the money again that she went to the public-house and stood treat to some of her neighbours.

Again the whole of the money went; Mrs. Jones was still in despair, and the poor little baby was still in the cupboard.

When it had been there a fortnight the story came to the ears of the sanitary officer, who visited the one room, found the body, and had it buried by the parish.

At which Mrs. Jones was extremely indignant. Down this street they love funerals and pay a good deal of money for a showy one. They would rather do anything than have the stigma of "a pauper's funeral" attaching to any member of the family, even the baby.

We have only studied a few chapters of the story of this street. There are others, and some of them are happily as full of brave endeavour, human kindness, and neighbourly sympathy as the best story that was ever written.

Are you reading "My Revelations as a Police Spy," by X H 511, now running in SMITH'S WEEKLY? It is a most thrilling true narrative.

OUR GREATEST SERIAL STORY. **BEGIN IT TO-DAY.**

THE FATAL ACE.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

RICHARD RUSHDEN and Guy Squirl both love Mollie, the daughter of Colonel Brabant.

Richard and Guy are cousins, and have been companions since boyhood. Richard is good-natured, clumsy, tall and strong, a failure except where sport is concerned; Guy is handsome and brainy. Richard exists on two hundred a year—and expectations; Guy earns a comfortable income at engineering.

Guy, being very fond of ballooning, has taken a cottage on the south coast of Cornwall in order to carry out some experiments, and Rushden, having nothing better to do, has joined him. During one of these flying trips the refractory balloon descends into a very pretty garden, and the aeronauts make the acquaintance of Mollie Brabant.

When late at night they tramp homewards behind a cart bearing the body of the monster that refuses to soar, they acknowledge, after a long period of smoke and silence, that they have both fallen in love for the first time in their lives.

Both in love! That is the perplexing part of it; they can't both marry Mollie, yet each wants to.

Since they have been boys they have allowed Luck to decide their knotty points, and this, the greatest problem of their life, they agree to settle by the cards. Each shall draw a card alternately, and the one who draws the first ace is the one who shall first propose to Mollie.

The tension is terrific; card after card is drawn, but no ace. Whilst they stare with set faces at the cards before them a knock is heard, and a light step sounds in the hall. Rushden looks up and sees standing in the doorway the girl who has captured his heart.

"You terrible people!" Mollie laughs. "I thought the house must be on fire; even the hall is full of smoke, and I knocked and knocked, and no one answered."

"I'm so sorry. Please come in," Guy stammers.

"I wonder if I ought," she laughs. "I'm not chaperoned, and you look so dissipated." She advances, but stops short as she sees the cards. "Oh, how awful!" she cries. "Playing cards at such an hour on such a day!" She stands beside the table, looking disapprovingly first at one man, then at the other. "I am surprised; I wish I knew you both well enough to be very angry and to preach you a sermon. Why don't you say you're sorry, instead of staring at me!" she cries mercilessly, as neither man makes a sound.

"We weren't really playing cards," Guy stammers. "We were just undoing a particularly tight knot with the cards when you came in."

Of course, Mollie wants to know what their difficulty is; they agree to tell her afterwards.

Rushden looks at the card he drew just as Mollie entered. It is an ace. His exultation is only eclipsed by Guy's disappointment. He takes Mollie by the arm, leads her out of the cottage, and tells her of his love.

Good Fortune, who usually frowned on him, completely changes. Besides being accepted by Mollie, his expectations are realised. The consumptive young man who stands between him and the title and estate of Lord Westingham suddenly dies.

Before journeying to London to see about his inheritance he asks Squirl to take care of Mollie. When he come back to Cornwall again he sees his cousin and his sweetheart sailing the air gaily in the balloon. They descend. Mollie wants to ascend again, and, as her wish is law, the two men agree.

They go up again. The wind increases, and the balloon gathers a great speed. A storm is brewing.

Rushden leans over the car. "Good heavens!" he cries; "why, we are out of sight of land; there's nothing but the sky above, below, and around us."

Guy beckons him closer. "It isn't sky," he whispers, "it's sea! Do you see those white specks? They're not clouds, they're waves. Already there's half a gale blowing."

"In what direction?" Rushden whispers.

Guy shrugs his shoulders, and his face is very white and his hands are trembling. "Well, roughly," he replies under his breath, "it's blowing us straight out towards the Atlantic Ocean."

YOU CAN NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER THREE.

Which One Shall Die?

EVERY minute the wind increased, until it was blowing a stiff gale. Yet still the balloon seemed to be surrounded by great banks of clouds which obscured the view on all sides, only giving the occupants occasional glimpses of a sea flecked with white billows and a black sky above.

Both men looked at Mollie Brabant; she was crouching at the bottom of the car trying to pin her hat on more securely. She evidently hadn't heard their whispered conversation. There was no fear in her eyes. She glanced up at them merrily, her cheeks coloured by excitement.

"This is simply thrilling!" she cried. "I only hope we shan't get fearfully wet before we land somewhere, because I've only got——"

Her voice was drowned by an appalling crash of thunder; the banks of fog above the balloon were suddenly dispersed by a flame of fire that sent a dozen fiery tongues in all directions. Then Rushden felt something strike his cheek—something warm and wet, an enormous raindrop; another and another followed, until it seemed as though the world had been turned upside down and the whole of the ocean were being emptied on their heads. Taking off his coat, Rushden carefully crept across the swaying car and wrapped it around the girl's shoulders. In vain she struggled and refused to take it; he insisted.

"You're not frightened?" he shouted.

"It's lovely!" she cried, though her voice trembled a little now. "Still, if Guy can persuade his monster to take us to The Towers in time for afternoon tea I shall be very grateful." She managed to laugh almost naturally. "Will you tell him?"

Dick nodded, and crawled a couple of feet away to where Squirl stood holding on to the car.

"Can you see land anywhere yet?" he whispered, standing so that the wind carried his voice away from Mollie.

Squirl swore under his breath, and, looking at him, Dick saw that his face was a ghastly white, that terror shone in his eyes.

"Land!" he echoed. "We shan't see land again until the wind changes. I tell you we're being carried right out across the Atlantic."

Dick Rushden was dumb. Still the rain pelted furiously through the air; the wind shrieked about them, buffeting the great inflated bag hither and thither and swirling it round in gigantic circles. Every minute the thunder boomed to right and left of them; the crashes were deafening, and sometimes the lightning hissed right across the car. It seemed as if they had drifted right into the storm centre, and the wind was carrying them along with it.

Shading his eyes with his hand from the hissing raindrops, Rushden looked at the little figure of the girl crouching two feet away. Already her thin summer skirt was soaked through and clinging tightly to her limbs; her struggle with her hat had been in vain, for the wind had proved victorious and carried it away. Now it caught strands of her long fair hair in its fierce fingers; the rain ran like big tear-drops down her face—yet still she smiled.

"By Jove, what pluck she's got!" Dick whispered. "Can't you do anything, old man? You *must* do something."

Squirl shook his head. "We can only wait until the storm passes."

"But the storm is carrying us along with it. Can't you make your beastly balloon ascend until it gets out of the storm into another current of air? Surely that's possible!"

"She's rather heavily weighted," Squirl replied grimly. "You see, with three of us she refuses to go up! And the only other alternative——"

"Yes?" Dick had gripped his cousin's arm. "Don't shout too loud; Mollie's watching us, and it's no use frightening her unnecessarily."

"She'll have to know the truth sooner or later," Squirl growled. "As soon as the infernal clouds disappear and we can see through the haze we'll drop down till we can sight a boat of some sort."

Dick gave a sigh of relief. "I never thought of that," he said. "I suppose you're pretty sure to sight something or other?"

Squirl's reply, if he made one, was drowned by another peal of thunder. It boomed through the vasty space of cloudland like the report of a hundred cannons; it echoed down below into the obscurity of the mist and fog and sea, and then reverberated back with redoubled fury, whilst numbers of white tongues of flame hissed hither and thither like winged snakes. At length it moaned away into silence, and only the wind and the rain shrieked softly.

Rushden knelt beside Mollie and put his arms around her. "Don't be frightened," he whispered. "It's nearly over now. We shall soon be home."

"I don't think I'm very frightened," she replied. "I am so glad you're *both* here. What is that strange noise I keep on hearing? It doesn't sound like the howl of the storm."

Rushden listened. "I don't hear anything, dear," he said, holding her closely—"only the sobbing of the gale, the patter of the rain-drops, and the creaking of the cords and silk."

"There is something else," she insisted—"a strange ominous sound. Hark! It's almost like a voice crying, a voice of someone in pain. There, surely you hear it?"

Rushden leaned out over the car and listened. The sounds seemed to come from below; they rose and fell discordantly. It was something like wild bars of music spilt from a great orchestra. Yet nothing was visible save moving masses of white mist.

Rushden crept to Squirl's side.

"Do you hear it?" he whispered. Squirl nodded.

"What is it?"

But Squirl shook his head; he, too, bent over the car and strained his eyes to pierce the enveloping fog.

The storm was rolling further away every instant; the balloon had drifted from the centre of the cyclone, and one danger had been evaded. Had they found a new one—and a more terrible?

The question forced itself on the minds of both men, and each looked at the other for an answer.

"Would it be safe for me to get up?" Mollie cried. "The rain has ceased, and I'm so wet and cold. I'd like to move and stretch myself."

"You must stay where you are," Squirl said roughly.

The strange noises increased in strength, rising and falling now with an ugly and regular monotony. Though the rain had ceased, a penetrating wet mist was moving through the air; it possessed a peculiar scent and taste—salt, pungent!

Suddenly Squirl laid his arm on Dick Rushden's, and drew him away from the side of the car.

"Good heavens!" his whispered in terrified accents. "Did you see that?"

"No—what?"

Squirl clung tightly to his arm; Dick felt him quivering in every nerve.

"We're only a few feet above the sea," he whispered. "I saw a great green wave rising up out of the mist. . . . Look—there—again!"

Rushden bent over, and he felt a shower of cold sea-water strike his face, and he saw a huge green sea curving upward, thrusting a white tongue towards the car as if hungering for its occupants.

"We shall be swamped in a minute," he cried under his breath. "Quick—Guy—make the balloon ascend!"

Squirl laughed stupidly.

"Quick!" Rushden almost screamed. "That wave almost reached us!"

"Hush!" Guy whispered. "Don't let Mollie hear—I—I can't get the balloon to rise another foot. There's too much weight on board—and possibly a leakage somewhere. We've been sinking ever since the storm started—in a few moments . . ."

His voice cracked, and the words died in his throat.

Rushden stared at him with wide dilating eyes.

"You're jesting," he stammered. "Surely *something* can be done? Isn't there any ballast you can chuck over?"

Again Squirl laughed.

"When I offered to take you up with us I threw every scrap overboard. That's why we ascended. . . ." Again he laughed, and Rushden gripped him until his fingers bit into his flesh; that laughter sounded so terribly mad. . . . "*There's only human ballast on board—I can hardly chuck that down into the sea!*"

Dick Rushden staggered, and for an instant everything swam before his eyes. Mollie's face recalled him to his senses.

"What's the matter?" she cried. "Why do you both stand staring into space? It's beginning to rain again—I'm so wet and cold! Do tell me if there isn't a chance of reaching *terra firma* soon?"

Guy looked at Dick, and his lips moved dumbly.

"Who'll tell her?" he stammered.

"Is there no hope?" The words left Rushden mechanically.

Squirl shook his head. "In five minutes we shall be down there," he said, pointing below.

The waves were visible now—enormous Atlantic breakers, ten feet high many of them, rushing and roaring along, tossing white foam-balls into the air, thrusting white tongues towards the sky.

Once the car reached the sea there would be an end of everything.

Rushden drew back, and a groan escaped his lips. He wasn't thinking of himself or of his cousin; he was thinking of the glad young life he loved better than his own, the life so soon to be entrusted to his care. It seemed very cruel that she should be sacrificed; she was so young, so beautiful, standing on the threshold of happiness.

"Which of us shall tell her?"

Squirl spoke again; his voice was like the growling of the distant thunder now.

"I must tell her," Dick said slowly. "But you—you know what chances we have; you must tell me what I have to say."

Again Squirl's lips moved dumbly, but, instead of words, that terrible mocking laughter came again.

"If I warn her that we are in great danger—that will be sufficient?"

Dick asked the question boldly enough, but he didn't dare look at Squirl.

Still the latter didn't speak; he tried to, but failed. The thunder had quite rolled away now, and its occasional rumblings were drowned by the new and terrible sound that every instant increased in volume. Unperceived by the two men, Mollie Brabant had risen to her feet; her

SMITH'S WEEKLY, the official organ of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, contains weekly news for miniature riflemen.

face, that the wind and rain had whipped to rosy redness, grew terribly white.

"You must tell her," Squirl gasped at last. "You must tell her that there's no hope . . . it's the end . . . death!"

"Death!" Rushden repeated the word aloud, and, reeling, he held on to the side of the car for support. Then he got a grip on himself and looked straight at Squirl pleadingly, but the latter couldn't meet his gaze.

"Do you mean to say there's no chance—not a dog's chance?"

Squirl nodded; his face was white and terror-stricken, and though the colour had suddenly fled from Dick Rushden's too, yet his expression was firm—the expression of a fighter who wasn't going to knuckle under without putting up a pretty good struggle.

"Not a dog's chance," Squirl said. "My God!" he cried, "that wave almost reached us."

"Keep your nerve, old man," Rushden whispered, laying his hand on his cousin's shoulder. "Evidently we're a good bit higher up than it seems, though, of course, we're gradually sinking. Good heavens," he cried brokenly, "it's all my fault! If I hadn't got into the car it would never have happened. You ought to have warned me."

"Oh, I had a fearful amount of ballast in—chucked it all out; should have been safe enough—must have been a leakage somewhere—too late now, though."

"Dick! Guy!"

Neither men heard; the rush and roar of the waves drowned the girl's voice.

"It don't matter for us," Rushden cried, "I guess we can both go out all right; but Mollie—good heavens, we can't let her be torn to pieces in that wild waste of sea! Don't stare at me like that," he cried, unconsciously raising his voice. "For Heaven's sake, do something! You're an engineer, you understand this infernal machine. Something can be done, something must be done to save her—she mustn't die—like this!"

"Nothing can be done."

"I tell you something must be done!" Rushden cried passionately. "You said something about chucking ballast overboard. You mean to say that if there were less weight in the car the balloon would ascend again?"

Squirl nodded. He was leaning over the side of his car staring with big terrified eyes down at the big leaping waves as if fascinated by fear and the coming of death, which seemed so near.

"Yes," he said in a dry, hard voice, "yes—the wind's falling now—with less weight she would rise—quickly—drift back to land possibly." Once again he laughed. "But there's nothing to chuck overboard, not a blessed thing!"

Rushden laid both hands on his shoulders now and forced him round until they were face to face.

"Yes, there is," he said quietly. "There's twenty or thirty stone of human ballast! With half that weight away—say one hundred and seventy pounds less weight to carry—would she be certain to rise then?"

"Like a bird," Squirl laughed, his fingers twitching nervously. "Yes, she would rise far, far above the sea and the earth—far away into the sky——"

Rushden interrupted him sharply. "That's enough! One of us has got to go."

Guy Squirl gave a hoarse laugh and swayed to and fro in Rushden's steady grip. But before he could speak a terrified cry brought both men sharply round.

Mollie was crouching in the bottom of the car at their feet, her arms stretched out imploringly to them, her eyes wild with fear.

"Save me," she cried, "save me! I'm so frightened—I know what it is now, I know what's happened, and I'm afraid—afraid to die! Guy, save me—don't let me die—save me!"

Both men started forward simultaneously, and simultaneously caught the terrified girl in their arms; and as they did so she swayed forward, her head with its crown of wild, disordered hair fell limply backwards, and she fainted.

"Thank Heaven for that!" Rushden whispered. "We had better let her lie there. Give me your coat, old man, to cover her with; mine's simply soaked through."

But Squirl refused to relax his hold. "I'll attend to her," he stammered. "You had better—you had better——"

"She wants no attention now," Rushden said quickly and firmly. "It's the best thing that could have happened. She's in a dead faint. Let's pray God she mayn't come to until one of us has got her into a place of safety."

"What do you mean?" Squirl blustered. "I tell you there's no hope!" Even as he spoke a green wave flung a shower-bath of spray over the little group. Both men still knelt either side of the unconscious girl.

"I mean," Rushden said slowly, without a tremor in his voice, "that one of us has got to give up his life to save hers! There isn't a single moment to lose. Which shall it be?"

Squirl relaxed his hold of the girl and sank back, leaning against the side of the car for support. "You don't mean, you can't mean——" His lips grew suddenly dry and hot; they refused to form the words. His temples throbbed, the wind and the sea sang in his ears, his eyes became bloodshot.

"I mean that one of us has got to get over the side of this car, and quickly too; there's not a moment to lose. . . Which is it to be?"

Unconsciously and mechanically he slipped his hand into his trousers pocket and withdrew a coin. "First cry, or best out of three?" he whispered.

"You're mad!" Squirl gurgled. "There must be some other way! It's suicide, it's murder!"

"I don't care what it is—it's got to be done!"

Squirl still stood with his shoulders squared against the side of the car, his hands tightly clutching the edge. He tried to moisten his lips with his tongue, but it lolled helplessly from his mouth. "Let—let Mollie decide herself, then," he stammered at length.

Rushden bent over the girl; close, close until his lips touched the pale brow and the wind blew her hair across his eyes. "She's can't decide now," he whispered, "and if she could, Guy, it wouldn't be fair." His voice sank lower, until it seemed lost in a whisper, but Squirl heard every word. "She would naturally want me to stay; she loves me, you see!" He threw back his head proudly. "But we'll play the game, old man, till the last; heads or tails?"

He chucked his coin into the air and caught it as it fell. "You call," he whispered.

Squirl raised himself on to his knee and bent across the unconscious figure. "If one of us has to go," he cried, quickly, a strange, cruel light coming into his bloodshot eyes, "you had best know the truth before we decide which it is to be."

"The truth! What do you mean?"

"We both love her," Squirl continued; his voice and his strength were returning now "We both love her," he repeated doggedly, and Rushden nodded. "But you went away to claim your title and your estates, and insisted on my remaining with her—with the woman I loved. Well, I knew then what you, you blind fool, didn't see—what you never have seen—that she really cared best for me from the start; and those weeks you left us she learnt to love me! Yes," he continued ruthlessly, as Rushden fell back with a groan and covered his face with his hands. "Yes, she learnt to love me with all her heart and soul, and she told me so, too. It was me all along; it's me she loves now. The cards were good to you, I know, but there's an old saying, 'Lucky at cards, unlucky in love.' Anyway, I've won her; she's mine, and I belong to her! That rather alters the state of affairs, doesn't it? It was easy enough to suggest chucking out a lump of human ballast when you thought I was the one to go! What are you going to do now?"

"It's a lie," Rushden groaned, slowly bending over the girl—"it's a lie! Even if she does love you best, she promised to marry me, and Mollie's loyal—I swear she's loyal. She would never have told you of her love."

"I forced her to tell me," Squirl cried triumphantly. "One can't bottle love up, you know; it's not an estate that can be inherited."

Rushden didn't speak. Again his lips lightly touched the pale, cold forehead; again a strand of gold hair clung around his face as if giving him the embrace the unconscious woman fain would give him.

"Mollie," he whispered under his breath, his voice trembling boyishly and foolishly now. "Mollie, is it the truth, then, it's not me you love? Have you given your heart to him? Poor little Mollie, I did love you so much—can't you tell me—just to make quite sure—before I leave you?"

No, she couldn't tell him, for no sound reached his ears save the creaking of the cordage and the thunder of the waves.

"Then I won't rob you of your love," he cried. "But you won't mind my kissing you good-bye . . . ?"

He flung his head back and staggered to his feet.

"All right, Guy, old man," he cried, holding out his hand. "We won't toss for it, for the fates have already tossed, and they have let you win."

He laughed good humouredly as Squirl put a wet, clammy hand into his. "I thought it was a mistake," he said. "When I drew that ace it was meant for you, just as the silly title I've borne for a couple of weeks belongs to you. Wear it well, old chap—and be good to Mollie!"

Then, before Squirl realised what was happening, he was over the side of the car clambering towards the rope. It swayed wildly and dangerously to and fro at a terrible angle.

"Stop!" Squirl shrieked, rushing towards him and laying his hands on the straining fingers that clutched the basket. "For God's sake, stop—I didn't mean—I didn't know——"

Rushden hesitated a moment, and he felt the great green waves grip his feet. "She loves you best," he queried. "That's all we've got to think about!"

And Squirl hesitated as he looked down at the man on the edge of the car, hanging on to life by a thread. "Yes," he stammered. "She loves me best!"

"She told you so?"

Something in his cousin's face sent a thrill of fear through Rushden. "She told you so?" he repeated, now clinging desperately to the rocking car.

"No; she didn't say so with her lips," Guy stammered, the truth forcing itself from him unwillingly.

"Then you lied," Rushden shrieked, trying to get a firmer grip of the car. "You lied, you cheated me, Guy! It's not too late, you shall play the game yet. Help me—help me back."

A sudden fury of fear seized Squirl; he started back, and, seizing a wrench from the side of the basket, he raised it in his clenched hands and beat furiously down on the fingers clinging to the car. Blindly, madly, he beat, cursing the while, until at length the fingers relaxed their grip, and the car gave a sudden, violent leap that sent Squirl sprawling on the floor; then, as it rocked wildly to and fro, the balloon, like a bird released from a trap, shot through the mist straight, straight up into the air.

FOR THE BEST AND FULLEST REPORTS OF FOOTBALL

read the London

Daily Express

On sale at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls throughout the Country.

CHAPTER FOUR.

The Pricks of Conscience.

THE balloon continued to rise and rise and rise. It rose above the roaring of the sea and the pelting white foam-balls; it rose above the damp heavy mists; it rose out of the raging storm into the sunshine. It shot like an arrow released from a bow, cleaving its way through black clouds and grey until it reached the blue.

Then it steadied itself, and like a bird with outstretched wings hovered silently, basking in the warm evening glow.

But Guy Squirl still crouched at the bottom of the car, a huddled, misshapen figure, his arms and head buried between his legs; now and then a peculiar sort of sound escaped his lips, half sob, half chuckle. Now and again he moved uncomfortably, raising his head a few inches—but never enough for the light to see his face or his eyes to see the light.

He was afraid, terribly afraid. It wasn't fear of death that gripped his heart now. For the time, at any rate, he knew he was safe. He felt instinctively that the balloon, released of its weight, had risen to a great height, for had there been any leakage of gas it would have failed to rise so high, or would have commenced to sink again. He knew that the storm had passed, too, for it was very silent—strangely and uncomfortably silent. Neither earth, nor sea, nor sky sent any message to him; the lips of the universe were locked.

Yet he heard one still voice whispering in his ear, and, though he bowed his face between his hands and covered it with his arms, he couldn't silence that voice.

"Murderer!" it whispered. "Murderer!"

Just that one word coming out of the silence.

It had such a quietly piercing voice, that unseen spirit that spoke to him and wouldn't be quiet; every instant it grew louder, until at last, goaded to desperation, Squirl staggered to his feet and gazed into space, as if almost expecting to see his tormentor.

But there was only space everywhere. He looked through the rigging at the silken monster; he looked below at the floor of the car.

She lay there still, but only she. Trembling violently, he leaned over the side of the car and peered below. Only the guide-rope dangling into the fathomless void. Kneeling down, he commenced to haul it in, but he only hauled it a few feet, when he had a curious, uncomfortable feeling that perhaps someone was holding on to that rope, and that it was his voice he had heard calling him murderer.

He knew now for certain that, save for the unconscious girl at his feet, he was alone, quite alone. He stood quite still for a few minutes, supporting himself by the rigging, trying to get control of himself and to steady his nerves. He wondered vaguely to what height the balloon had ascended; his eyes were smarting, he found it difficult to draw his breath. He glanced at his watch—nearly eight o'clock; in a short time it would be dark!

Squirl shuddered. The idea of darkness didn't please him. Once he had rather revelled in the idea of an ascent by night, but now—— He leaned over the car again and tried to pierce the haze, but nothing was visible, neither land nor sea; and all was still, save for the awe-inspiring voice that whispered in his ear.

Perhaps when the darkness came he might see the spirit that whispered! He laughed, and his laughter jarred unpleasantly on his nerves; he had never been a superstitious fool, but now he found himself wondering seriously whether there had been any record of the ghosts of the departed haunting a balloon!

A haunted balloon! It didn't sound feasible somehow, and he managed to laugh again, and then checked himself suddenly; if he wasn't careful he would be talking to himself soon, whilst all the time there lay the unconscious figure of the girl at his feet.

The girl he loved, and for whom he had——

He bent down, and, lifting her up, propped her against the side of the car, arranging her tumbled draperies and smoothing the hair from her face. He still trembled, though it was with another kind of fear—with the redawning of passion.

"Mollie," he whispered—"Mollie!"

She didn't hear; she was still unconscious. He was grateful for that; it gave him time to think. He took a good pull from a flask of brandy in his pocket, and then, sitting at the bottom of the car at Mollie's feet, he looked at her critically and wondered what explanation he should give to her. He would have to explain to other people as well, he reminded himself. At first it seemed easy enough, for he had only to speak the truth, leaving out a little here and adding a little there; it was the leaving out of that little and the addition of that little that would make the dead man appear a hero, and that was the last thing he wanted to do. He pulled his thoughts up short, substituting "lost" for "dead."

Poor old Dick Rushden! He had been fond of Rushden, really fond of him, and that made it all the worse. It had been so thoughtless of the clumsy old fool to fall in love with Mollie Brabant. If he himself hadn't fallen in love with her also, he wouldn't have hesitated for a second to sacrifice himself, but it was just that second's hesitancy that had changed Squirl from the likeness of a coward into the likeness of a murderer.

But rather than lose the woman he loved he had sacrificed his friend. Again he buried his face in his hands, and as he did so he heard her voice:

"Dick! Dick——"

Squirl bent over her and put his arm around her. "It's all right, Mollie dear," he whispered—"it's all right; you are safe."

Her eyelids flickered, and for a moment her eyes opened and she looked at him.

"Guy," she faltered, "you here—you aren't lost!" A deep sigh shook her little body. "And Dick—Dick——"

She slipped away into unconsciousness again.

(Another long instalment next week.)

Serious articles, light articles, good short complete stories, a fascinating serial story, are all to be found in SMITH'S WEEKLY. One penny, every Tuesday.

MY OWN SIMPLE LIFE.

By La Tortajada, the Beautiful Spanish Dancer.

[La Tortajada, now appearing at the Palace, is in many respects a remarkable personality, and we have been fortunate in securing a short history of her life, contributed by herself. The daughter of a Spanish Governor, she leads a life entirely different from that of most artistes. She lives with her husband in modest rooms, and finds her pleasures in outdoor sports and in giving her husband financial advice. Tortajada is so far the only artiste who has received an audience from the Pope.]

I BELIEVE it has been a complaint against me that I am not as other artistes are. But this is not my fault. I do not live a life different from that of most actresses for effect, but because I enjoy a simple and quiet existence.

Because I am in a position to command a large salary, and otherwise am possessed of means, many people think it most remarkable that I do not live in expensive hotels and otherwise indulge in a continuous round of gaieties. That sort of thing would not please me at all. I should never feel that I was at home in such a place, and though my abode is naturally always a more or less temporary one, I always try to make it as much like home as possible. Hence I prefer private apartments, where I can be alone with my husband.

Also I know that it is considered quite wrong of me not to go home at night from the theatre in a motor-car But, again, that would not amuse me. Instead, I prefer to slip unobserved out of the theatre and walk home to my lodging with M. Tortajada as my escort. The streets, crowded as they always are of a night, afford me great interest and delight, especially in London.

NO PHYSICAL TRAINING REQUIRED.

I suppose, too, that if I were to follow up the favourite theory which governs the life of most artistes, I should combine social engagements with a strict course of training. But I do not require special physical exercises, because I am naturally strong and healthy.

The exertion I undergo every night in dancing is a training in itself. I have heard it remarked that it is amazing how much vitality I can put into my work. But this vitality I supply myself with by literally, as you English would say, cheering myself on. Every time that you hear me utter one of my sharp cries on the stage, it means that I am shouting encouragement to myself. And in this way I can do far more than I otherwise should be able. Moreover, I take such an intense joy in dancing that the exertion of it leaves no reaction afterwards.

I have always danced and loved dancing ever since I was a tiny child, but I should probably never have taken to it as a profession but for the urgent advice of my husband, who writes and composes all my songs and dances for me.

For a girl to take up a profession was somewhat a novelty in my family, as my father was heir to one of the oldest houses in Spain and was Governor at Granada. In stature I take after him, for he was immensely tall for a Spaniard, and endowed with great physical strength. But, then, all my family are very tall, and strong, and healthy. I well recollect my grandmother, who is still considered a marvel in Granada, as she died at the age of 118 in the full possession of all her faculties. She never even wore glasses of any kind.

MY OLD HISTORIC HOME.

The old palace in which I was brought up had belonged to my family for many a generation, and in it my mother still lives. It was opposite to the famous Alhambra of Granada, and had many historic associations. It was from the windows of this house that Queen Isabella, the Catholic, the guest of my great-great-grandparents, watched the assembling of those gallant troops who finally and for ever drove the Moors out of Spain.

In the course of my career I have travelled in many lands—in France, Germany, and Russia, Holland and America—and I must say that I like the English people best of all. I do not say this in any spirit of flattery, but because I really mean it. Indeed, I once gave dire offence to a German interviewer by telling him the same thing. English audiences are harder to rouse than the audiences of other countries, but they are more constant to you when you have once gained their affection.

Amongst the many persons of distinction that I have met is the President of Uruguay. After he had seen me at the Palace Theatre he presented me with an Order of Merit for Art. In Berlin the Kaiser asked me to attend a concert given for the benefit of wounded soldiers returned from fighting with the Hereros, and he invited all the "stars" of the Royal Opera House to meet me. He was most kind and courteous, and bestowed on me a diploma of merit. I found him an exceedingly simple and charming gentleman, and, above everything else, a man.

Naturally, however, the greatest honour that has ever been done to me was when I was received in private audience by the Pope. His Holiness was kind enough to say to me that he did so in recognition of the fact that as an artist I led a perfectly simple life. Before I took leave of him I begged him on my knees to bless not only me but my husband, my mother, my sister, and, indeed, all members of my family. And I feel that that blessing is on us still. Now every Sunday when I am in London I go to the little Catholic church at the back of Leicester Square and offer up humble but heartfelt prayers for the dear Pope.

If you ask me how I amuse myself, I may say that I take a great delight in what is called "fussing" about the house. Then I always take part in the outdoor sports of whatever country I happen to be in.

I do not often go out to either dinner or supper, although we have many English friends. When I do so, I usually meet acquaintances of my husband, who ask me to give them advice on investments. In some extraordinary way I have a faculty for knowing what is a safe speculation, and so, though really quite undeservedly, I have gained a reputation of being a sort of mascot for business men.

A VERY PERSISTENT ADMIRER.

In spite of all my travels my adventures have been few. The worst that ever befel me was in London, and occurred at the house in which I was staying in Leicester Square. I was dressing myself when the entire flooring of the bath-room gave way and I fell through. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to throw out my arms, and saved myself. I was terribly frightened, because I am a heavy woman, and the drop was a big one—some thirty feet—and but for the fact that I was rescued by my maid I might not be dancing now.

Since you press me to tell you about it, I must confess that I receive many letters every day from various admirers. These I turn over to my husband. The most persistent person I ever knew was an officer of the Guards, who, night after night, occupied the same seat in the theatre, and day after day wrote to me saying that I would make him happy for ever if I would only say "Good-night" to him in passing. As these letters met with no response he sent me a most costly diamond ring, and told me that he wished to introduce me to his uncle, who was one of the most famous millionaires in London, and secure me an introduction at Court.

I returned the ring, and replied that I was very much honoured by his proposal, but that I had no desire to enter Court circles.

I think so still. I prefer my own happy little mode of life.

La Tortajada.

THE FASHIONABLE COLOUR.

[This year Fashion has decreed that all shades of yellow shall be used both in dress and house decoration. Our Irresponsible Poet has written some lines on things as he expects to see them.]

There are fashions in colours as well as in clothes,
Sometimes they're bizarre, sometimes mellow:
One year it is purple, another 'tis green,
But this year it's going to be yellow.

The motors will try to outrival the sun
In the colour upon their *tonneaux*.
The flowers will be dyed in the sulphurous tide,
And lemons in favour will grow.

We'll have apricot carpets and sulphur-hued blinds,
And the curtains will be of old gold,
While a sallow complexion will be *comme il faut*,
And none but canary birds sold.

We shall all have the jaundice instead of the "flue,"
It will be in the fashion, you know;
The ladies in orange and primrose will dress,
And drink nothing but golden Pekoe.

We shall all become bilious when yellow's the rage,
So we hope that its stay will be short,
And beg that in future 'twill be quite tabooed
Save in money and things of that sort.

COUNSEL: "Your honour, the accused committed the theft on account of home-sickness."

Judge: "Home-sickness?"

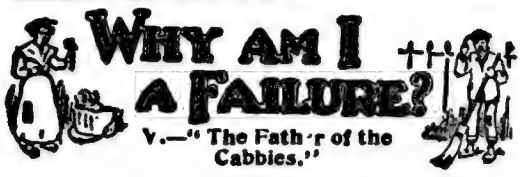
Counsel: "Yes, your honour, he was born in prison."

FATHER: "Yes, I admit your lover has a good income, but he has very expensive tastes, very."

Daughter: "You amaze me; what does he ever want that is so expensive?"

Father: "Well, you for one thing."

A SERIES OF HUMAN STORIES.



V.—"The Father of the Cabbies."

[The stout, elderly cabman with the close-cropped grey hair and short grey beard who is on the "rank" outside the Law Courts is a familiar figure to many. Whether Mr. W. B. Reeves, for such is his name, is indeed the "Father of the Cabbies" is a little uncertain. But should any cabman with a longer record of service than Mr. Reeves's present himself, P.W. will be happy to confer upon him the title of "Grandfather of the Cabbies."]

I FANCY "Springbok"—my "hoss"—will be turning somersaults when he hears of his old master blossoming out as an author.

Sixty-five was I last birthday, seven and forty years have I driven a cab, and twenty-eight years have I been on the Law Courts rank.

That's my record, and you needn't be so sharp as some of my legal fares to understand that I shouldn't have stuck to the job so long if I hadn't been tolerably well satisfied with it.

My average weekly earnings are about 30s. clear, and that's not so bad.

I take my cab out of the yard at nine in the morning, and it is generally seven in the evening before I take it back Six shillings a day I pay for the cab—at least, at present, for the rate which is fixed by my union varies between 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. a day. And that is for one horse a day only.

Of course, some days are better than others, not only in money, but in weather. Still, against the uncertainty of what I earn, there is the fact of my being my own master, and if I'm not used to the weather by this time I don't think I ever shall be.

But there's one kind of weather I can't stand, and that's fog. Quite knocks me up.

I have had one or two "queer starts" in my time. One day I was on my way home after taking a party to Paddington when a poor woman in widow's weeds stopped me and asked if I would drive her and her little boy to Guy's Hospital. I said yes, and that the fare would be 2s. She looked very cut up at this and asked if I would mind taking 1s. down and she would bring me the rest in a week. She looked so poor and heartbroken that I said "all right" and drove them to Guy's, and brought *her* back again, for the "nipper" was left behind. Well, she offered me the "bob," but I hadn't the heart to take it.

However, I didn't lose anything, for just afterwards I caught a young swell who had proper ideas of how to treat a cabman.

I know there's a lot said about cabby and overcharging. But something can be said on our side.

In the first place, we are unfairly handicapped in having our charges fixed by law. Why should this be? It's not so in other professions. Supposing you call in a doctor. Can you ask to see his scale of charges when you think he has overcharged you? No, the doctor charges according to the trouble he has had, and what he thinks you can afford, and it ought to be the same with cabmen.

However, I was telling you about my fares. There was another one I remember well. He was a poet named Simmons [it is possible that Mr. Reeves means that very distinguished poet, Mr. Arthur Symons.—Ed.], and I used to drive him regular, until one day he gave me a book of his poems. I tried my very hardest to make out what it all meant, but I never succeeded.

There was a lot in it about "love" and "nightingales" and "graveyards" and "deserts," and merry places of that kind, but I never could see what he was driving at all the time. Mind you, I daresay the book was all right for those who like that sort of thing, for I gave it to my sister's girl for a birthday present, and she used to enjoy herself like anything crying over it.

But I lost a regular customer, for I was so afraid the poet would ask me questions about it that I used to keep out of his way.

As to fares in general, give me gentlemen and defend me from ladies. When a lady takes a cab it's this sort of thing all in one breath, "Cabman, drive me to Fulham Road. I don't know the house and I've forgotten the number, but it's Mrs. Brown's, you know, Mrs. William Brown's, and be sure you pick out roads without any stones in them; I do so hate to be shaken up, and whatever you do, don't lose your way, and, oh, do be careful my box don't roll off the top, and don't go running into a horrid motor. Yes, Mrs. Brown's, Mrs. William Brown's, you know," and then in a loud whisper to herself, "I do hope he hasn't been drinking; he seems very stupid."

At the end of the journey she pays me the exact fare—sometimes less than that—and gives it to me as if it was the freedom of the City.

I really think women would like to measure your mile with an inch tape. Once a lady offered me for a shilling fare, 5d. in coppers, 4d. in stamps, and three picture postcards. But both me and the "hoss" jibbed at that.

Are you reading "My Revelations as a Police Spy," by X H 511, now running in SMITH'S WEEKLY? It is a most thrilling, true narrative.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST TO-DAY.

Readers who wish to start the Competition now may obtain from their newsagents issues Nos. 854 to 872 inclusive, containing the first twenty-two sets of pictures or they will be sent for 2s. 4d. to any part of Britain, or 2s. 10d. abroad, post free, from the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

DON'T DELAY! ENTER TO-DAY!

£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

ONE CASH GIFT OF . £250 — ONE CASH GIFT OF . £100 — ONE CASH GIFT OF . £50

One Cash Gift of £25. One Cash Gift of £15. One Cash Gift of £10. 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each. 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each.

Opposite you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain object or objects which, either singly or collectively, represent a surname.

What you have to do is to find the longest surname made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound).

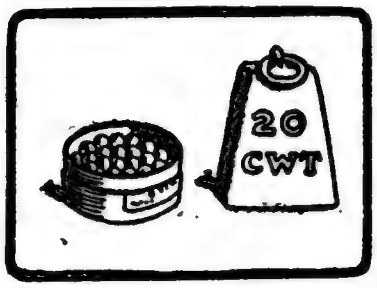
An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

You have now to examine the pictures given, and discover the surname which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the names down in the spaces provided. Then fill in your name and address, cut across the page at the place marked, and keep this set of pictures by you until all the subsequent sets have appeared.

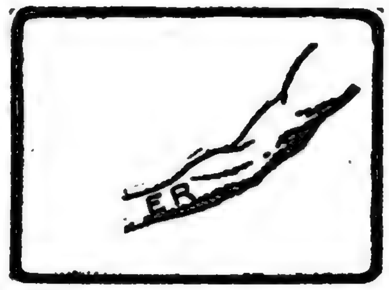
The prize of £500 a Year for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY actually receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions.

A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: One Cash Gift of £250; One Cash Gift of £100; One Cash Gift of £50; One Cash Gift of £25; One Cash Gift of £15; One Cash Gift of £10; 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each; and 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each. No competitor will receive more than one gift.

TWENTY-THIRD SET.

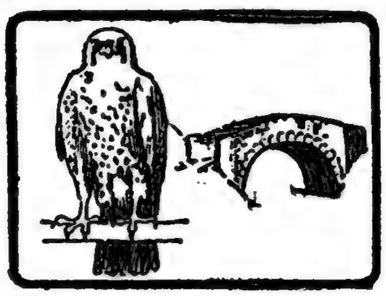


133 ....

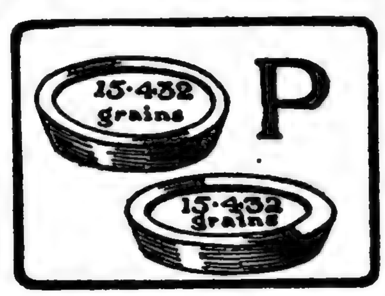


134 ....

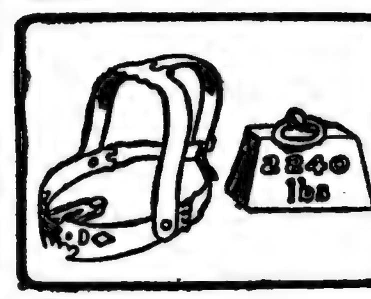
135 ....



136 ....



137 ....



138 ....

Another Set of Pictures will Appear Next Week.

Name .... *Address* ....

All the surnames depicted in the sketches will be found printed in a list of surnames which we have compiled, and which will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, addressed wrapper. Apply to Room 7, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Only surnames which appear in this list will be admitted.

Full conditions governing this competition appeared in number 858, and will appear again shortly.

←——CUT ACROSS HERE.——→

SERIAL STORY.

TOYS OF FATE.

A Human Drama Written by STACEY BLAKE.

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO.
"Into Deep Water."

HARTLEY came out himself a few moments later, and he spoke naturally.

"Isn't there anything we can be doing before the water goes down?" he asked. "I'm simply impatient at this inaction."

There was a hunted look in his eyes, and he never took his gaze off the shore, which, indeed, seemed to have a strange fascination for him.

Sackett shook his head. "Unless," he said, on second thoughts, "we might be getting our own bits of duds up that we're supposed to be salvaging. Yes, we'd better do that, and take 'em ashore next journey."

When they started to work upon the forward pumps Hartley showed the same feverish eagerness to get through with the work. He toiled like a demon. What he lacked in the skill of using tools he made up with the savage energy he put into the work. Before an hour had gone his hands were bleeding. Sweat trickled down his face, mingling with the red of his cut lips.

Three-parts of the work was done when the water came up again, but even then he would hardly stop, and he kept at it till the floating scum that the tide bore up inside the ship swirled round his elbows.

He came on deck, wild-eyed and haggard. His gaze switched shoreward the moment he was above.

Douglas began to pull in the boat preparatory to going ashore.

"Ah'm no' stoppin' aboard the nicht," he said. "There's mair wind oot there in the west than Ah'm open tae listen tae aboord here."

Sackett directed his gaze towards the red setting sun, and nodded in silent affirmation of the other's fears.

"You're both going, are you?" said Hartley in a dull, expressionless voice, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. "I am going to stop."

"Dinna ye be a loon, mon!" exclaimed Douglas frankly. "We'll come back at dawn and finish the job."

"I shall perhaps have finished it by then," returned Hartley doggedly.

"Ah'm thinkin' it's goin' tae blaw," warned the engineer. "If ye'll listen tae advice, ye'll gang ashore."

"And when I want advice I'll ask for it," said Hartley, with a sudden snarl.

They left him there.

"Ma certie, Ah'm no sayin' Ah like the look o' that sunset," observed Douglas as they rowed leisurely back. "There'll be puffs o' wind soon. Hey, mon, but what dae ye mak' o' that loon? Is his heid crackit?"

"He's mad with brandy, the fool!" said Sackett under his breath. "He's drunk a bottleful since we've been aboard."

"A bottlefu'!" echoed Douglas, aggrieved. "And Ah never had sae muckle as a smell o' the bottle! No; if Ah had shared it with him we'd both have been better for it. Losh, ye kept it quiet."

"Yes, one man drunk is enough," said Sackett sullenly.

"Mon, Ah can carry ma load wi' decency and dignity," returned Douglas gravely. "It's a drappie Ah need tae fortify ma system, that's al'. Noo, it's sleep Ah'm after the noo, as soon as Ah ha'e refreshit a bit."

"Good lor', we both need sleep, and that's a fact!" returned Sackett, with a yawn.

There was no better accommodation to be had than a shake-down upon a heap of dried palmito leaves in an out-house. Sleep would not have stayed away if they had couched on the beach.

"There's an almighty wind rising," said Sackett when he joined Douglas later in the outhouse after a meal. "I've been staying behind getting to know how the first boat landed here. It seems they got upset, and had to climb aboard the ship again. One man was drowned, though."

"Oh, aye; but ha'e ye heard anything about that stoker mon o' mine?"

"He's ashore here, safe."

"Ye dinna say sae!"

"It's him they fetched the doctor for. He's got accidentally shot. I couldn't make out the whole yarn. He's up at that convent on the hill."

"Oh, aye; that bonny square building? Ah'll gang and see him the morn. Ma certie, list tae the wind! It'll roar vera soon."

Tired to the point of exhaustion, they both slept heavily. Sackett, with the habits of a seaman, woke at the end of four hours with the shrieking of the furious wind in his ears. He felt at his watch in the dark. It was just past midnight. He rose to his feet and felt his way to the door. The moment he released the catch the door flew open with so great a force, impelled by the wind behind it, that he had difficulty in holding it.

The night was hideous with noise. The surf boomed like guns exploding, and all the time there was a never-ceasing hissing and spitting sound from the waters that beat against the outer side of the quay.

He went outside upon the water front. He had to bend to meet the wind that bore in from the sea.

No sky could be seen. The night was dead black, save for the boiling of the inrushing surf, which blotted vague lumps of dingy whiteness on the dark.

The spray powdered on his face. His tongue licked the saltness off his lips.

He turned about and went back with a set face. Douglas was awake when he let open the door.

"Mon, what o' the nicht?" whispered the engineer huskily.

"The wind's blowing the top off the sea," answered Sackett, sinking on to the heap of palmito bedding.

"What o' the *Creole?*"

"She'll get her plates bent to-night, that's certain."

They both dozed off again. Sackett was awakened when the dawn was stealing under the door by Douglas putting a hand on him.

"We'll gang oot and ha'e a look, mon," said the engineer. "Ma certie, but Ah'm no' ganging ower tae the ship the morn, not if them insurance bodies stand on the quay."

It was blowing harder than ever when they went out. The sky was a ceiling of threshed smoky grey, with wisps of cloud tearing across it. Out in the open they had to face the wind with bodies aslant.

For a moment, with the wind driving into their faces, they could not bring their eyes to bear on what they sought, but when they did a deep gasp of horror broke from both men almost simultaneously.

Out there was the leaping, tortured sea, writhing under the lashing of the wind till the horizon was like smoking water and the near sea a dreadful succession of tumbling hills of whiteness.

But the reef where the *Creole* had stuck was bare.

The water leaped high there, but there was no ship.

"Gone off into deep water," was Sackett's hollow exclamation.

(This story will be concluded shortly.)

A Woman's Notebook,

By Mrs. NEISH,

Author of "The Ways of Lady Isabel."

NOW READY.

At all Bookstalls. *One Shilling.*

Or post free from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for 1s. 2d.

SMITH'S WEEKLY, the official organ of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, contains weekly news for miniature riflemen.

THE MIS

Indige

Indigestion attacks old and young, consequences of neglect. The dis digest your food robs you of the your strength ebbs away, you are a misery. Be warned! Take Mo

ALL

"After meals I suffered much wit headache, too, and dizziness. The I was so ill that I could not bear doctors' medicine for MOTHER SEIG ever."—Mr. Townley, 6 Margarets Ro

TO MOT SEIG SYR

The 2/6 bottle contains three t

"JUST OUT" Black & Tan BOOT POLISH

The Best Made for BOX CALF and OTHER LEATHERS

Guaranteed Free from Acid.

DAY & MARTIN, Ld.

Sold Everywhere.

GENOFORM CURES

Genoform cures these complaints quickly. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent and complete cure. Genoform cures as nothing else will.

GOUT SCIATICA NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM

GENOFORM IS ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Genoform Tablets, easy to take and packed in tubes for the pocket. Post free, 1/2 and

J. REID & CO., 14 Dunedin House, Basinghall Avenue, London. Stocked by all Chemists and Boots, Cash Chemists, all branches. Proprietor, Frits Schulz, Leipzig.

Syr Cof CYCL 30/

THE MISERIES OF

Indigestion

Indigestion attacks old and young, rich and poor, and terrible are the consequences of neglect. The disease that robs you of the power to digest your food robs you of the very source of life itself. Slowly your strength ebbs away, you are tortured with pain and life becomes a misery. Be warned! Take MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP, the real cure.

ALL YIELD

"After meals I suffered much with pain and wind. Often there was headache, too, and dizziness. Then rheumatism struck me, and soon I was so ill that I could not bear to be touched. At last I gave up doctors' medicine for MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP and I am now as well as ever."—Mr. Townley, 6 Margarets Road, Hanwell, W. *Jan.* 17, 1907.

TO MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size

6d. Per Bottle.

"The finest thick Sauce on the market."

LAZENBY'S

"CHEF" SAUCE.

A rich brown fruity condiment with a delicious "snappy" flavour.

Full size sample bottle with name of nearest agent, will be sent post free to any address on receipt of six penny stamps.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd., 18, Trinity Street, London, S.E.

The Sauce of Certain Satisfaction

"JUST OUT" Black & Tan

BOOT POLISH

The Best Made for BOX CALF and OTHER LEATHERS

Guaranteed Free from Acid.

DAY & MARTIN, Ld.

Sold Everywhere.

REMEMBER, there is no Coffee as good as

Symington's Edinburgh Coffee Essence

Without question the purest, the cheapest, and the best money can buy.

CYCLES. GIVEN AWAY FREE! 100-Page Illus. List of 4,500 Cycles, from 25/- each. Rudie's and B.S.A. in stock. 150 Motor Cars. Send for List and see marvellous offer. Largest dealers in the world. Agents wanted. 50 per cent. cheaper than others. Every necessary in stock. Send P.C. for List. FREE TO ALL. WAMBILOW & CO., Weston-super-Mare, Eng.

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH, 82 and 83 Great Russell Street, LONDON, W.C.

Over twenty years' successful results.

GENOFORM

Genoform cures these complaints quickly. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent and complete cure. Genoform cures as nothing else will.

GOUT SCIATICA NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM

GENOFORM IS ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Genoform Tablets, easy to take and packed in Tubes for the pocket. Post free, 12 and 1/- from—

E. J. REID & CO., 14 Dunedin House, Ludgate Hall Avenue, London. Stocked by all Chemists and Boots, Cash Chemists, all Stores. Proprietor, Fritz Schulz, Leipzig.

Cutlery Bargain Parcel DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER TO THE USER

No middle profits. Satisfaction guaranteed, or Cash refunded IN FULL.

Spoons and Forks of "Columbian" Silver, the hardest, whitest, coolest cleaned, and most durable of plate metals.

"Ivorette" Handles to Knives and Carvers look, wear, and keep colour equal to the finest African Ivory. Sheffield Steel Blades.

THE 'PERFECTION' PARCEL

1 pair Carvers	6 Dessert Spoons
1 Table Steel	6 Tea Spoons
6 Table Knives	6 Salt Spoons
6 Dessert Knives	1 Mustard Spoon
6 Table Forks	1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Forks	1 Pickle Fork
6 Table Spoons	1 pr. Sugar Tongs

30/- TERMS: 5/- deposit and five monthly payments of 5/- OR 28/- in the £ Discount for Cash with order.

Agents wanted. Good terms.

J. B. GRAVES, LTD., 28 Cutlery Works, SHEFFIELD.

EVERY MAN

SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.

E. B. NORTON, 59 and 60 CHANCERY LANE LONDON.

Over thirty years' continuous success.

Cakeoma

makes good cakes.

"Cakeoma" is the NEW way—the better way—of making cakes.

It is a perfectly pure cake flour of fine quality, with all the dry ingredients wanted in a cake. The proportions are exact and the mixing is perfect.

It saves time and trouble and it makes the nicest and lightest cakes possible.

It makes any and every cake and not only one kind.

And it is economical in use—it costs less than the old-fashioned way.

From all Grocers, Stores, and Bakers in the British Isles, in 3½d. packets, each one containing a sheet of useful and practical cake recipes.

LATHAM & Co., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

B 8

Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle

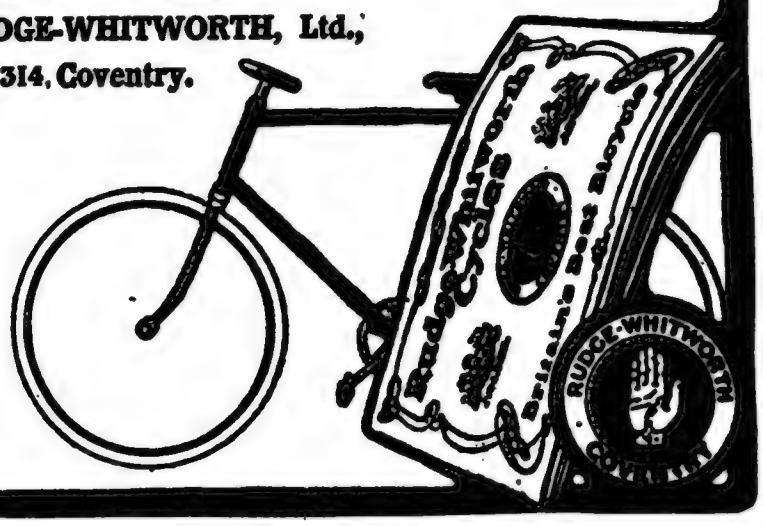
The New Catalogue Post Free.

A delightful volume of 64 pages full of illustrations of all the GREAT 1907 IMPROVEMENTS in bicycles. The 81 models of 1907 RUDGE-WHITWORTHS (from £5) are all GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS (sealed certificate with every machine); are PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID; and NO EXTRA CHARGE is made FOR EASY PAYMENTS (from 8/4 monthly).

Write for it to-day to

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd.,

Dept. 314, Coventry.



SPRING SKIN TROUBLES

DURING the body's Spring-cleaning operations, muddy complexions and unhealthy skins are common complaints. Blotches and pimples about the face and neck, irritating eruptions on chest or back, and greasy, ill-conditioned patches of skin on various parts, show the almost universal need for Zam-Buk. Spring skin-sickness is the result partly of winter hardships and partly of increased activity. The kidneys are now sending extra quantities of impure matter to be dealt with by the skin, and before the elaborate surface-drainage system is properly awake after the winter lethargy, pores and glands get choked up. The delicate mechanism of the tissues gets thrown out of gear, and unsightly eruptions call for help as plainly as a skin can speak.

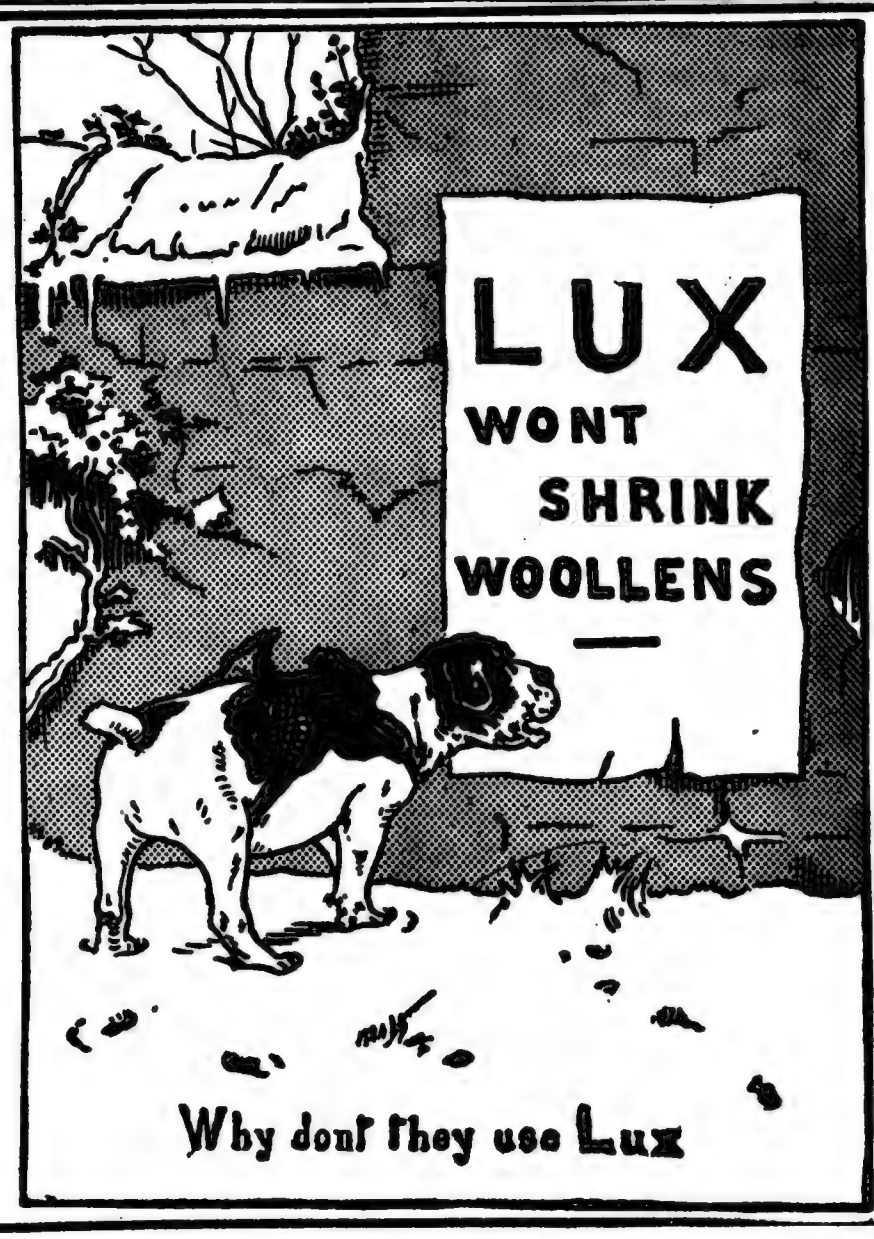
Zam-Buk's help is the right kind because it is natural and never-failing. It is natural because Zam-Buk is made up solely of the rich saps, juices, and aromatic oils got from healing herbs; never failing because it works hand-in-hand with Nature herself—on Nature's lines and in Nature's own way.

Zam-Buk's unique composition and consistency enable it to soak into the tissues without clogging the pores, and it really *feeds the skin*, besides acting as a tonic cleanser. The inevitable result is that impurities are quickly dispersed, and the skin regains that healthy, well-nourished condition which is essential to softness and clearness, the pleasant "feel" and the beautiful appearance.

FREE BOX.
A dainty sample box will be sent you if you cut out this coupon and send it with 1d. stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds.
Pearson's Weekly, 11/4/07.

Zam-Buk is specially recommended for all kinds of skin troubles, pimples, eczema, bad legs, piles, ulcers, boils, chapped hands, sore heels, barber's rash, chilblains, cold-sores, festering sores, poisoned wounds, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, stiffness, &c. A box may be obtained of any chemist for 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. for a large family size (2s. 9d. size is more economical, because it contains nearly four times the 1s. 1½d. size); or post free for the same price from the Zam-Buk Co., Bedford Street, London, W.C.; or C. R. Fulford Ltd., Leeds.

Zam-Buk
"RUB IT IN"



LUX

PURIFYING AND REFRESHING.

For Washing Dainty Fabric.
A Luxury in the Bath.
A Good Hair Wash.
For Washing Silver and Cutlery.

LUX WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Macaroni with Eggs.

Break two ounces of straight macaroni into inch lengths and throw into boiling salted water; when tender drain in a colander. Have ready two hard-boiled eggs, chop them rather coarsely, mix with half a pint of white sauce, add the macaroni, and season with salt and pepper. Serve garnished with slices of fried tomato and parsley.

Imitation Sweetbread.

Pound in a mortar one pound of veal, add to it a little bacon, two beaten eggs, half a teacupful of breadcrumbs, season with salt, pepper and a pinch of mace. Stir in a tablespoonful of cream, or melted butter. Form the mixture into the shape of sweetbreads, bake for half an hour, basting meanwhile. Serve very hot with rich brown sauce. (*Reply to* MARYAN.)

To Make Almond Rock.

Dissolve one pound of best loaf sugar in half a pint of water with a teaspoonful of acetic acid; boil this to the "crack" degree, add half a gill of noyeau and a few drops of cochineal; boil up again, add two ounces of blanched almonds, pour the candy on to an oiled baking-sheet; mark it in squares when cool, and break them apart when quite cold.—(*Reply to* FOXWOLD.)

Bacon Roly-Poly

Is a dish that will suit you, if you wish to make use of bacon. Make a light suet paste either with suet or dripping, roll out, and spread with thin slices of bacon. Make a seasoning of some powdered sage, a little chopped onion, pepper and salt, and scatter over the bacon. Roll up, wet the edges, tie in a cloth, and boil for two hours and a half. Serve with a good dish of spring cabbage.

Orange and Rhubarb Preserve.

To every pound of rhubarb allow three or four Seville oranges and one pound and a half of loaf sugar. Peel the oranges thinly and cut them into strips as for marmalade; take off the white pith, which will not be needed. Remove the pips from the fruit and cut it in slices. Place oranges, rhubarb, and sugar in the preserving-pan, and boil gently till sufficiently cooked and the scum has ceased to rise. Put the preserve in small pots, and cover while hot with paper brushed over with white of egg.

Easter Cakes.

So generally used in the West and South of England at this time of year, are made as follows:—Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of caster sugar, two ounces of currants, powdered cinnamon to taste, and a little brandy. Rub the butter into the flour with the tips of the fingers, add the other ingredients, and work into a stiff paste. Leave this in a cold place for twenty-four hours. Then roll out thin, cut in rounds, and bake till crisp in a slow oven.

Baked Mackerel and Potatoes.

Clean a good-sized mackerel and fill with stuffing made as follows: Two ounces of breadcrumbs, one ounce of chopped suet, one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, and a teaspoonful of thyme. Mix the stuffing with milk, and season with pepper and salt. Sew the fish up, put the tail through where the eyes were, fasten with a skewer. Grease a baking-tin with dripping, and place the fish on it. Have some parboiled potatoes ready, cut each in half, and arrange round the fish. Put some small pieces of dripping over the fish and potatoes, and bake in a good steady oven for half an hour. Baste frequently, and serve with good brown gravy.

Stew of Cold Beef.

Slice an onion thinly, and fry it in an ounce of butter. When this begins to colour stir in one ounce of flour; then add a cupful of stock, a pinch of powdered sweet herbs, a quarter of a wineglassful of tarragon vinegar, and two tomatoes. Stir quickly till the sauce has well boiled; then strain it, pressing the pulp of the tomatoes into it. Trim some slices of cold roast beef free of all fat, skin, and browned parts, lay them in the cooled sauce, place the saucepan where its contents can heat very slowly, so that the meat may become tender and well flavoured; when half done, add some chopped gherkins. Serve with a wall of mashed potatoes round the dish, and the stew in the centre.

AN INEXPENSIVE PELISSE FOR A BABY.

AT first sight it may appear that there is very little to say about a garment of the sort here shown (No. 16797). To the ordinary eye every pelisse appears to consist simply of a cape with a deep collar and a coat of some sort beneath. Yet a pelisse for a baby affords far more scope than one would suppose. Firstly, there is the question of material to consider, and that must be decided upon before the matter of trimming can be settled. Here are a few suggestions, always supposing that cream or white goods are chosen.

A silk-and-wool matelasse washes splendidly and looks very well trimmed with Yak lace, which as you know is of a coarse make and composed of wool. Lambswool seems to demand a plainer trimming, and if flat silk braiding were used the frill might be dispensed with altogether. If, however, you decide to follow the design, you cannot do better than choose Japanese silk. Corduroy is excellent wear, too, not to mention its washing qualities, but close fur is the only permissible trimming for this.

No. 16797. Paper pattern, 6½d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Two and three-quarter yards of 44-inch material will be needed for our pelisse, a like quantity of sateen being necessary for the lining. Will it surprise you to know that at least seven yards of trimming must be purchased to frill that collar and cape?

It may be noted that the under part of the pelisse fastens down the back and that the cape portion is quite separate from it.

THE GIRL WITH BROTHERS.

THERE is a give-and-take attitude in the girl who has brothers, something more than a possible feeling of comradeship, and the certain knowledge that, because a man pays her some attention, it does not follow that he means marriage, or has "serious intentions," to use the words which old-fashioned mothers apply under such conditions.

The girl, on the other hand, who has not had brothers, translates any civility as having an ulterior motive, especially if she is not quite so young as she used to be.

Then, anxious that the man should not see that she has any such idea, she at once endeavours to hide her thought. To do this she adopts an unnatural attitude, and, so far from concealing her idea, she shows her hand.

SWINDLING THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

UNLESS a young housekeeper is most vigilant, she will find that she gets taken in on all sides, simply because those who serve her try to take advantage of her ignorance.

She should, when possible, do her shopping herself instead of sending orders through tradesmen's boys. If she neglects to do this she will have stale vegetables sent to her, over-ripe fruit, damaged groceries, and tough, badly-cut meat. Her fowls will be as old as the hills, and her fish will have been too long out of their native element.

There may be waste, too, in the kitchen. The meat and poultry bones will be thrown into the dustbin instead of being put into the stock-pot.

Remains of vegetables will be thrown away instead of being used in savouries, soups, and rissoles.

Crusts of bread will be thrown away instead of being used in cookery.

New bread will be eaten instead of that a day old, and the baker's bills will grow.

BE CAREFUL OF SPRING.

SPRING is a very beautiful season of the year, but it is at the same time a very trying one, and nearly everyone in spring experiences such unpleasant sensations as lassitude, headache, and other disagreeable, though perhaps too trival, complaints to call in a medical man. But they must not be neglected. If the ailments are slight, the remedies are also simple and effectual.

Do not neglect the old adage, which says "Ne'er cast a clout till May is out," and you will save yourself many a chill or attack of neuralgia.

Plenty of green vegetables, whether cooked or uncooked, are valuable aids to spring medicines; fruit, also, is to be much recommended. Those who suffer from biliousness, giddiness, and headaches should take a glass of hot water with a few drops of lemon in it before breakfast.

One of the best spring medicines is sulphur, but if much used precautions against cold must be taken, as it renders the pores of the skin very open. Here is a very good spring medicine: Two ounces of Epsom salts, half an ounce of milk of sulphur, one and a half ounce of cream of tartar, the juice and part of the rind of a lemon, and two quarts of boiling water poured over all. A wineglassful should be taken twice a day.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1907.		APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
Good Friday	*March 29.*	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28
Easter Monday	*April 1.*	1 8 15 22 29	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26
Whitsun Monday	*May 20.*	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24
Bank Holiday	*August 5.*	3 10 17 24	2 9 16 23 30	1 8 15 22 29
Christmas Day	*December 25.*	4 11 18 25	4 11 18 25	6 13 20 27
Boxing Day	*December 26.*	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28
		6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

To Cure Warts.

Apply sweet oil and cinnamon at night, four or five times.

Stubborn Stains on Linen

May be removed by rubbing them persistently with salt and lemon-juice.

Polish Your Fire-Irons

With pure paraffin without powder of any kind, and rub well with a soft cloth.

Indiarubber.

To preserve its elasticity, wash it five or six times a year with slightly alkaline water.

When Flavouring Soups

The herbs should be tied up in a bay leaf and the carrots scraped, not peeled.

To Judge Bacon

Notice that the rind is thin, the lean tender and adhering to the bone, and the fat firm with a pinkish hue. If the fat has yellow streaks in it the bacon will taste nasty and rancid.

A Good Hot Oven

Can only be procured when all the flues are properly cleaned and all clinkers removed. An oven that is in daily use requires to be constantly scrubbed out and the flues cleaned at least twice a week.

Watercress

Is one of the most wholesome of all the salad plants, and contains much sulphur and other mineral matters useful to health. To prepare this for table always soak it for two or three hours in a strong brine to kill all insects.

Pease Powder.

Which gives a savoury relish to pea soup, is made thus: Pound together one ounce each of dried mint and sage, a little celery seed, and cayenne pepper. Rub all through a fine sieve, and bottle for use. A little allspice may be added to the above as variety.

Coffee.

Is a wholesome beverage, and would be more freely partaken of in this country if it were better made. Those who can afford it should buy a brown earthenware coffee pot, as it proves a good investment. If the holes of the percolator are not kept clear, disappointment will result. To do this easily set it every few days in a basin of hot soda water, and all grit will soak out. (*Reply to* ELDERLY READER.)

Trifles.

Samuel Johnson, when encouraging Boswell to keep a diary, enjoined him never to set down trifles; never, for instance, to note that the day was rainy, or the dinner badly cooked. Johnson had risen from obscurity to fame by his own earnest endeavour, and, in spite of indifferent health, he would not own himself a slave to trifles, and professed, almost to the end of his life, a complete indifference to the weather.

But Johnson was not a woman. A wet or stormy morning never meant for him that the children must take a substantial lunch to school in case they could not return for dinner, and that the hour of the midday meal must be changed.

Such inconsiderable matters look small when set down in black-and-white; but how true it is of the average house-mother that trifles make up the sum of life!

Let us go back over the small points just noted, and consider what provision the careful housewife can make for the rainy day, that comes so frequently during this season of the year.

The children's school lunch will be easily arranged if you make a point of keeping Currant Bread in the house. Bread that is twenty-four hours old is much the best for cutting, and in the case of Currant Bread, children, as well as adults, should be allowed the luxury of very thin, neatly-cut slices. The main object of this thin slicing is to cut through the currants, so that the full benefit of their flavour is given to the bread.

Neatly cut slices of home-made currant-cake may accompany the bread-and butter and will make up a satisfactory lunch that can be eaten with pride and profit by the hungry little persons.

The presence of currants in the bread and in the cake ensures the nutritiveness of the food, this fruit being undoubtedly most wholesome and sustaining, as well as particularly easy to carry.

Serious articles, light articles, good short complete stories, a fascinating serial story, are all to be found in SMITH'S WEEKLY. One penny, every Tuesday.

IT is very often the good fortune of HENRY to go for a walk with two pretty sisters, but he is always greatly perturbed in mind as to where he ought to walk. He has heard that a man should always walk on the side nearest the road, but by doing this all the time his attentions have to be devoted to one of the young ladies whilst the other is left in the cold.——I suppose you know your own business best, HENRY, but I should imagine that your practice of walking out with *two* young ladies is likely to lead to trouble between them. However, the rule is that when a man is walking with two ladies his position should be in the middle. The nearest-the-road rule is abandoned in such a case, and the man by walking between them is able equally to divide his attentions and his protection.

DODO strongly disapproves of the present-day idea of having a snapshot of your house on a postcard, as he thinks it would be a great help to criminals. If, he says, a burglar wanted a photo of a certain house in order to burgle it, his being able to get hold of a postcard containing it would be a great help to him.——I do not think the danger is a very great one. If Bill Sikes has got such a very covetous eye on a particular house, he will very soon find out all about it, and though the postcard may save him the personal trouble of paying a preliminary visit of observation, if he has set his heart on burgling you, he will do so, p.c. or no p.c. Of course, the picture of a very pretty house might stimulate Bill to ideas of burglary otherwise dormant, but this danger could easily be avoided by owners including in the photo a formidable-looking dog.

WHISTO writes: "I and my wife are in the habit of giving little parties at our flat on Sunday evenings. To these I invite a selected number of friends, whom I have chosen as people who would like to meet each other for music or conversation. It often happens, however, that we are interrupted by callers of quite an unwelcome character, who, at the same time, are on visiting terms with us. What can one do to stop this trouble?"——One can, of course, always say "Not at home," but if to all intents and purposes you are, this may lead to trouble. This is one of the disadvantages of a flat, where it is next to impossible to appear to be out if you are not. I should suggest that if you have acquaintances likely to call on you at awkward moments, you would be well advised in asking them at stated intervals to your flat, and giving them a very strong hint as to when you are open to see them, again leaving them to gather that there are times when you are not. If they have any tact, they will soon drop calling indiscriminately. The time may come when we shall have "Not At Home" cards, which you will send out to your friends to save them the trouble of calling. It would be a consideration to them, and a salvation to yourself on such occasions as you mention.

ARTIE asks: "Has a case ever been known of a dog recognising its master's photograph? I have tried the experiment on a most intelligent collie dog, but it has remained quite unmoved in the presence of my portrait. Possibly your readers may know of cases in which dogs have shown this appreciation of art."——The only case I can call to mind is a story by Robert Overton, of a man who was having his portrait painted by an artist. On going to see it first he took his dog with him. He was not satisfied with the picture, and the dog was quite indifferent to it. He accordingly asked the artist to make certain alterations. On seeing it again he was still dissatisfied, but the artist said, "Bring your dog in, and if he does not lick your face on the portrait, I'm a Dutchman." The dog was brought in, and sure enough he made a dart for the face of the portrait, and affectionately licked it. That was enough, and the picture was accepted. Since penning this story, the person who told it to me adds that the artist had previously rubbed bacon on the face. Whether or not this affects the incident, I cannot say. However, I have not myself heard of other cases of a dog recognising one's portrait. Considering the fact that the highly-cultivated mind of the owner of the portrait sometimes fails to do so, however, it is not to be wondered at if dumb creatures cannot.

R. J. went to the dentist the other day to have a tooth extracted. He took gas, and now all the fellows in his office not only chaff him, but really seem to think that he is a coward for having shirked the pain. "Is it cowardly to take gas?" asks R. J., "and, even if it is, do tell me what to say when I am chaffed."——Of course, it is not cowardly, R. J. Surely it is sensible rather than anything else to avoid pain when possible. When you are next chaffed over the subject just ask your tormentors this little question: Ask them why it is that when going to pick up a hot kettle they are so "cowardly" as to use a kettle-holder. If a man need not be so foolish as to burn his fingers just to show his "pluck," why need he endure the agonies of extraction for the same reason?

L. P. read with the greatest interest the article in a recent number of *P.W.* showing how the day of the week on which any date of the year will fall can instantly be told. The plan was to remember the date of the first Sunday in each month, and to do this certain code words were given to be learnt by heart. But for three of the months L. P. has discovered an even easier plan. The first Sunday in March is on the 3rd, in May on the 5th, and in July on the 7th. These can easily be remembered, says L. P., because March is the 3rd month, May the 5th, and July the 7th.——Yes, and given your excellent idea, L. P., the numbers for the last six months can also be remembered without the code words. Remembering that July is the 7th, the dates of the first Sundays in July, August, September, and October, November, December, run like 7, 4, 1; 6, 3, 1. The 1 remains constant, the other two numbers in the second series are each one less than in the first series.

SMOKER presents a problem as to the etiquette of smoking in the presence of ladies in certain circumstances. "If I am in a smoking carriage," he says, "and a lady gets in with a male companion I should, of course, ask her permission if I wished to smoke. But supposing her companion lights up, need I then ask her? Again, when I go out to supper at a friend's house, and he, immediately after the meal, starts smoking in the presence of his wife, ought I to ask her permission before following suit?——The cases are rather different, SMOKER. The railway carriage is a public place, and if the lady's companion lights up you can do so also. At a house you are in the lady's private room, and certainly should obtain her permission. Her husband having started smoking, however, without asking her, were you to do so it would look rather like a reflection on the husband's manners. In such a case the lady should save the situation by saying, directly her husband produces the cigarettes, "Do smoke, Mr. So-and-So."

MIMIC goes in for making people imitate him. If he crosses his legs, or leans on his stick, lo, and behold! others follow suit. If he places his hat on the back of his head, or twirls his moustache, he finds others do it, too. He wants to know if I have ever noticed anything of the samo kind.——Quite frequently. Only the other day I left the office half-an-hour early. On inquiry the next morning, I found to my astonishment that nearly all the staff had followed me a few minutes later. Recently, too, I published an original joke in *P.W.*, and, to my astonishment, a week later found a dozen other editors had inserted the very same story. At other times I have referred to people in language of expressive terseness, only to find that they have used almost identical words in regard to myself. Seriously, though, there is a lot of sense in this theory. MIMIC's little tricks are well worth trying on your friends.

TOM suffers, like a great many more of us, from a bad habit of exaggeration. The other day he bought an umbrella as a birthday present for his sweetheart. It really cost 10s., but in talking with her mother, he incidentally led her to suppose that he had paid 18s. for it. Unfortunately, however, it appears that there was another ticket inside, which had not been removed, and this has evidently been discovered, for on each subsequent visit his sweetheart has made very pointed remarks about "the value of the gift being little compared with the feelings of the giver," and about "the folly of trying to give people wrong impressions." "Now," he says, "I am quite sure that she knows that that wretched umbrella costs 8s. less than I wished her to believe. Do you think I had better tell her the truth? Once out of this hole, I am sure I shall never exaggerate again."——Since your sweetheart knows the facts of the case, it would be weak and foolish of you to do otherwise than express your sorrow to her that you had spontaneously given a wrong impression with regard to the price. Own up like a man, and she will think the better of you for it. But bear in mind the fact that you should never refer to the price of a gift, even to a person who is not the recipient. It is exceedingly bad taste.

WHY are writing materials, paper, etc., called "stationery?" asks TOMMY.——I believe the expression originated as follows: The original vendors of books and paper were the residents or "stationeries" of the churches, and the articles they sold became known as "stationery," which, with the expansion of reading and writing, attained much wider dimensions.

MAKEABIT asks if there is any objection to his sending me cuttings from newspapers as suggestions for ideas for articles.——There is no objection whatever. Many really good articles are the result of a few lines in a daily newspaper. If you come across any peculiar incident which you think would make a good foundation for an article, send it in to me, and if it is used you will receive payment for it, provided, of course, that no one has forestalled you in the matter.

TYRANT is afraid he has a horrible temper, and the fact distresses him very much. "Such little trifles as breaking a bootlace or dropping a collar-stud make me," he says, "I am sorry to confess it, swear. So does missing a train. Little trifles often go wrong in the house, too, and out I come with a violent exclamation that pains my wife very much. She has asked me to write and see if you can help me."——TYRANT, just try my whistling cure. A little practice and you will soon get into it. It is simply a magic cure for passion. Whenever the bootlace snaps, or the ticket-collector shuts the gate in your face, or little Tommy spills the gravy over your trousers, instead of coming out with "language," at once whistle a bar of a lively tune, say, the "Keel Row." You will find it absolutely impossible to be angry when whistling. By long habit one whistles when cheerful, and the bright action has an irresistible effect on the spirits. Just try it.

☞ **This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.**

NEARLY £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
INSURANCE.

493 Claims already paid, including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "**Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,**" 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

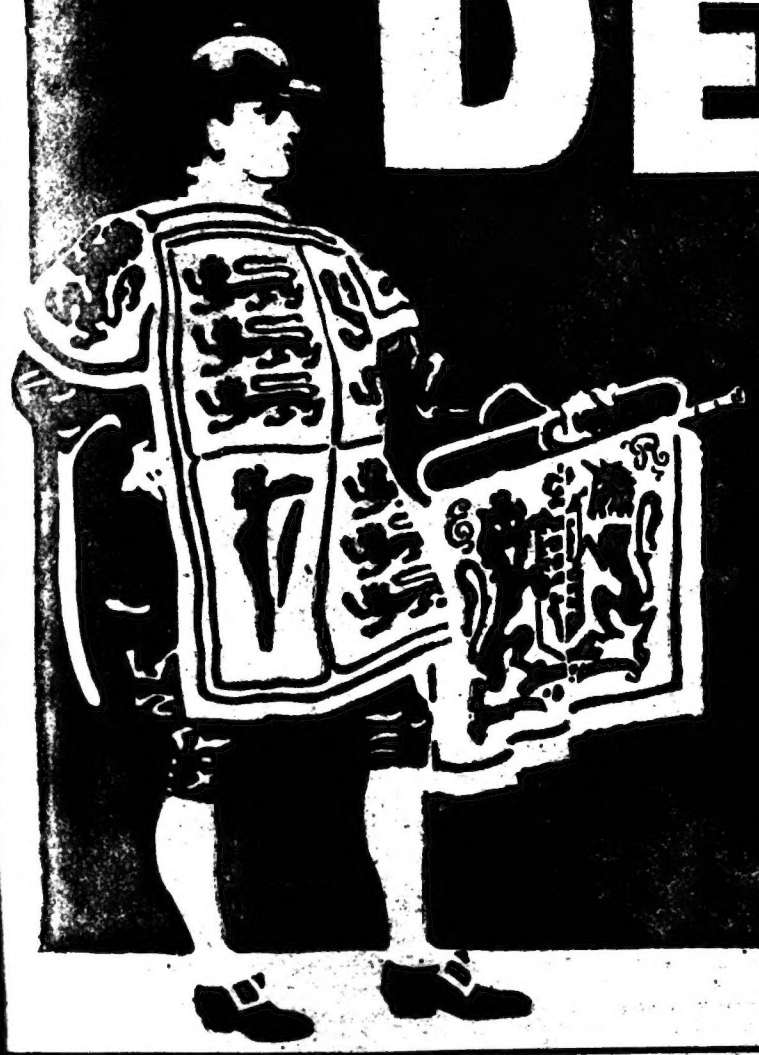
Signature.....

Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, April 4th, 1907, until midnight, Friday, April 12th, 1907.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

DEWAR'S



SELDOM is the public offered a stimulant of such general excellence as DEWAR'S "WHITE LABEL." For more than sixty years this famous Whisky has sought patronage upon its merits alone, and during that time its remarkable popularity has extended to all parts of the world.

Be sure it's Dewar's "White Label"

A MAGAZINE FOR NOTHING

This number contains a notable contribution from

MARIE CORELLI,

entitled **"What Life Means to Me."**

If you buy "The Rapid" for April—Ready April 12—your **4d.** *will be returned to you by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Ltd.*

NO BUTTER LIKE LIPTON'S

FRESH or SALT 1/- PER LB.

WHY PAY MORE?

Remember that Lipton's Butter is British Butter—Perfect in Quality—Far Superior to Foreign Butter.

LIPTON Ltd., THE LARGEST TEA AND PROVISION DEALERS IN THE WORLD.

Chief Offices: CITY ROAD, E.C. Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

Re BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO. (late of Old Street, London).

F. HODGSON & SONS, of Leeds, have purchased for cash the whole of the above business, goodwill, and effects from the Official Trustee in Bankruptcy. Illustrated Reduced Sale Prices of Brussels, Axminster, Tapestry, Velvet, and Foreign Carpets and Hearthrugs, Linoleums, Bedsteads, Bedding, Blankets, Overmantels, Curtains, Skirts, etc., if mentioning *Pearson's Weekly (11/4/1907)* when writing, sent post free.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 11/4/1907 only. On receipt of Postal Order for 5/6 we will forward, DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address, one of our 10/6 REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered in 30 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover an ordinary-sized room. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with FREE RUG, thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchasers all middle profits.

Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months.

GIVEN AWAY. With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10/6. GIVEN AWAY.

Money Willingly Returned if not approved. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials Received.

1 Tyne View Villas, St. Helen's, Isle of Wight.

"Lady Ida Lowe begs to inform the British Carpet Co. that she is so much pleased with the two Carpets and the two Rugs they sent her a week ago that she begs them to send her, to the above address, two more similar Carpets and Rugs."

Haling Grove, Penbridge, Stafford.

"The Dowager Lady Shakerley has just received the Pile Carpet; she thinks the pattern and colouring beautiful; she will be very pleased to recommend the Company to her friends."

N.B.—Foreign Orders executed, packed free, and shipped at lowest rates. Telegraphic Address—"ECLIPSE, LEEDS."
Cheques and P.O.'s payable to

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, & Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.